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COURAGEOUS AND COMPLICATED

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS has had the courage of his convictions. Believing that, in this critical year, the prime object of fiscal policy should be to counter inflationary tendencies, he has framed a Budget which is radical rather than Socialist, but strikes a fair balance between the wholesale discouragement of light-hearted spending and the selective encouragement of individual effort. His decision to go for a "true" surplus of £330 millions, after covering all the Government's extra-budgetary expenditure out of revenue, precluded the possibility of a Budget calculated to evoke general applause. Both the rich recipient of unearned income, hit by the "special contribution," and the large numbers of married manual workers with children, who get little or no relief in direct taxation, but are faced with an additional penny on the pint and 2d. on every packet of cigarettes, will probably grumble at chastisement with "Cripps and scorpions." Yet, though the impact on the community of Sir Stafford's somewhat complicated set of financial adjustments is not easy to assess with precision, he can fairly claim that he has done his best to achieve, not merely the necessary checks to inflation, but the provision of added incentives to greater personal exertion.

The income tax remissions will relieve tax payers in the lower brackets to the extent of about £100 millions a year. Not merely does this represent a well-deserved easing of the burden on the hard-pressed professional middle-class, but there will be an appreciable increase in the net amount in the pay packets of manual workers. In the case of a single person normally earning £6 a week, if an additional 20s. is earned for overtime, only 4s. 10d., instead of 7s. 6d., will be deducted from the extra remuneration. Coupled with the additional allowances now granted to married women doing paid work, this revision of P.A.Y.E. should go far to remove the discouraging effect of direct taxation. It must, however, be noted with regret that the Chancellor has now put a heavy premium on the childless marriage; and it is the bachelor, rather than the family man, who benefits by the income tax concessions. On an income of £400 a year, the bachelor gains nearly £20 in income tax relief: the corresponding benefit to a married man with two children is only £2; and, in the £1,500 a year category, the remission (about £40 a year) is identical in the case of the bachelor and the two children family.

The most important question, however, is whether the Budget will be disinflationary in the sense of helping to persuade the trade unions to hold their hand in the matter of claims for increased wages. Sir Stafford can argue that he is maintaining the food subsidies at an undiminished level; and that, though he is imposing additional duties on beer and tobacco to bring in £54 millions a year, the reductions in purchase tax now conceded on necessary goods—partly offset by increases on some only slightly less essential—are worth roughly an equivalent sum. He can point, too, to the "special contribution" from investment income as a compensatory toll on large fortunes, balancing a "standstill" in wage earners' personal incomes. Against this, trade unionists may be inclined to complain that the non-recurrent, limited capital levy represents an infinitesimal proportion of the great increase in capital values since the war; that there has been no stepping up of the profits tax; that the Chancellor is content to rely on voluntary restraint by companies in the distribution of dividends; and that, except in the case of non-smoking teetotalers, the cost of meeting normal consumers' needs is not sensibly lightened by the present Budget. It is in fact likely to increase seriously through rising food prices and the (still only partially reflected) increase in the cost of clothing as a result of the discontinuance, in the autumn Budget, of the subsidies on cotton and wool textiles and on leather.

With a view to promoting price and wage stability, Sir Stafford might have been well advised to stiffen, as he could have done, the contribution drawn from large fortunes, and to have used the proceeds to extend the range of price-stabilising subsidies—e.g. to clothing and other utility goods and, perhaps, transport charges. Since last June the index of retail prices has already risen by 6 per cent.; and it is by no means clear that the Budget will do much to reverse or even halt a trend which will make it difficult for wage claims to be logically or successfully resisted. But, with this reservation, we congratulate the Chancellor on proposals which are at once realistic and, on the whole, socially just.

Only in one respect does Sir Stafford seem perhaps to be lacking in courage. He has rightly decided that, in future, expense allowances given to company directors and the senior officials of businesses shall be assessed under Schedule E, and the recipient placed under the onus of claiming tax exemption on such part of the allowances as he can prove has been spent legitimately on business purposes. He estimates, however, that new revenue from this change in the Finance Acts will amount to only £250,000 in a full year. This would seem to imply that he sees little chance of being able to disprove claims for business expenses; yet it is notorious that in the case of hosts of concerns, large and small, executives are in enjoyment of expense accounts on a scale which is grossly extravagant and enables them to maintain living standards incompatible with the country's economic position and with the disinflation that the Chancellor hopes to secure. This, we suggest, is a point to which Parliament, in the Committee stage of the Finance Bill, might well give searching attention.

Tension and Tragedy in Berlin

The tragic crash of the B.E.A. plane at Gatow Airport, with the loss of all lives, seemed for a time to be having a sobering effect in Berlin. Marshal Sokolovsky's unambiguous expression of regret led the British and Americans to drop their proposal to supply fighter cover for civilian planes, and Mr. Bevin's statement in the House of Commons showed a most praiseworthy restraint. But the U.S.S.R. has now rejected General Robertson's request for a quadripartite inquiry. Russia may very reasonably argue that the affair is one for Britain and Russia rather than for all four Powers, but the tone of the reply, charging the British with the responsibility for breaking the Control Council's regu-

lations reads like mere propaganda. This is the more deplorable in view of the fact that there seemed at last to be an opportunity to concert a policy to obviate the danger of such incidents. As Mr. Bevin observed, the agreements relating to Berlin were drawn up at a time when Four-Power collaboration was still regarded as practicable. They made no provision for the present situation in which quadripartite control has ceased to function and Berlin has become the sounding-board of rival ideologies. Despite this change, the Western Powers, not unnaturally, wish to treat their sectors of Berlin as part and parcel of the Western Zone. They claim, therefore, that military trains should not be liable to Russian inspection, even when they carry German passengers. The Russians, on the other hand, for obvious reasons, claim the right to control the movement of Germans between Berlin and Bizonia. They are only too well aware that the temper of Berlin, as manifested not only in elections but in a free and lively press, and in the temper of a great part of the population, is enthusiastically pro-Western. Moreover, from this vantage point within their Zone, the Western Powers can gather invaluable information and wage a most effective political warfare. To understand the Russian point of view, we have only to imagine that Frankfurt to-day were the seat of the Four-Power control; that its municipal council were in the hands of a vigorous Communist majority; that its inhabitants were not slow to show their dislike of the democracies; and finally, that it were at any time possible for us to put a stop to Communist infiltration into Frankfurt by banning the Russian freight trains which supplied the food to their sector of the city. It is probable that General Clay would find such a situation almost intolerable and would fail to prevent his subordinates from indulging in pinpricks and irresponsible "incidents." But this is just how the situation in Berlin must appear to General Sokolovsky. If we want to retain control of the western sectors of the city, despite the complete breakdown of quadripartite government, we shall have to accept a reasonable degree of Russian control of incoming and outgoing traffic and in particular of German passengers.

E.R.P.'s Administrator

If Mr. Hoffman, nominated as administrator of E.R.P., carries out the principles he formulated when giving evidence recently before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the sixteen nations should have little to complain of in his appointment. He clearly does not see E.R.P. as a desperate remedy to be applied country by country in doses proportionate to the extent to which Communism has already gripped the patient, but as a means of promoting the development of Europe as a whole. He regards prosperity as the most powerful antidote to Communism, and states that that prosperity can only be obtained by joint planning aimed at a greater unity of European economy. This, he says, calls for a breaking down of the present trade barriers and a determination on the part of the sixteen nations to act as a group. There has been genuine ground for fear that the U.S.A. might seek to apply pressure on Western Europe to restrict its trade with Eastern Europe, but the ultimate success of E.R.P. demands, in Mr. Hoffman's view, not less but more trade across the Iron Curtain. With the present temper of the U.S.A. it would have been no surprise if this powerful post had been given to someone with more rigid views on economic theory and a far less constructive approach to the problem of Communism. It is to be hoped that the sixteen nations take note of Mr. Hoffman's encouraging words and on their side see to it that the "continuing organisation" in Paris is in practice allowed sufficient executive authority of its own to enable it to plan for Western Europe as a whole. It would be a tragedy if E.R.P. were to be administered by a man who believed in a form of planning designed to overcome the handicaps of existing frontiers, whilst the sixteen nations themselves insisted on remaining in a queue!

The Monopolies Bill

The Monopolies Bill appears to be based largely on the American precedent of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which has been for many years the main instrument for "trust-busting" in the United States. The differences are that the proposed Monopolies Commission will not have at its back any body of legislation similar to the American Anti-Trust Laws, and that it will not be limited, as the American Commission is, by federalistic complications. How effective it will be will depend partly on the composition of the Commission and partly on the attitude of the Board of Trade; for it is not to have any power to undertake inquiries save at the Board's request. When it is set in motion it may be asked either for a purely factual report or for recommendations as well; but it is to have no executive power. Any orders for the restraint of monopoly and any legal proceedings will be taken by the Board of Trade under the powers which the Bill confers, and not by the Commission. Nor, apparently, is the Commission to be empowered to undertake its own investigations. It can only take evidence and call for documents; it cannot maintain any research staff—for its cost is estimated at only £50,000. Some Conservatives are already complaining that restrictive labour practices are excluded from the scope of the Bill; but this comes ill from a party whose own report on the question, written by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, similarly excludes such practices as calling for different treatment. The power given to the Board of Trade to make Orders disallowing restrictive business practices seems to be adequate in itself, but can be used only when the Commission has reported that such practices exist, and when either it or the House of Common on the basis of its report has recommended that an Order be made. All in all, we shall be surprised if the Bill has large effects; but it is at least a beginning. The main thing will be to get the Commission staffed by persons who want to make the Act work, and not by persons who believe that, nine times out of ten, capitalist restrictive practices are thoroughly justifiable.

On the Labour Front

The miners have agreed to a renewal of the arrangement for an extension of working hours, on the same terms as before—that is, with freedom for each district to decide between Saturday work and an extra half-hour on each of the five regular working days. Despite the recent improvement in coal output, the renewal was plainly necessary; for we are still a long way off having enough coal to meet both home demands and the urgent need for coal exports if the European Recovery Plan is not to break down. Coal and the steel that can be made with it are alike commodities of which Europe cannot hope to get enough except by increasing its own production; and the man-power crisis in the coal industry, though less acute than it was, is by no means solved. Meanwhile, industrial trouble has broken out in a new place—among the vehicle builders, who have come out on strike on the ground that their grievances have been ignored for two years and that they are fully covered by the exception laid down in the White Paper and in the trade union interpretation of it. The most serious immediate effect of a vehicle builders' strike would be a hold-up in the repair of railway and road vehicles, which would involve a great slow-up of transport. The average age of vehicles on both road and rail is to-day abnormally high, and repairs continually immobilise a correspondingly large proportion of them. A settlement without delay is therefore much to be desired—the more so because, though the vehicle builders are not a very numerous group, the trouble may easily spread from them to the engineers, who have also large wage claims, advanced before the White Paper, in course of negotiation. Regrettably the conciliation machinery in this case seems to be working very slowly.

PARLIAMENT: Fair Housekeeping

Wednesday.

"A BAD Budget. It will be popular," said a young Tory as we left the House. "In a crisis, it's the duty of a good Government to be unpopular. Popularity should be left to the Opposition." But that's beginning at the end.

When Gabriel announces Doomsday, the matter will, no doubt, be the subject of a statement after Questions. Budget day started with the familiar routine of major and minor questions about such matters as bird-scaring ropes and watering-cans. Impatient Members fell silent when the Foreign Secretary described the situation in Berlin. Grave but unalarmist, he set an example of restraint to all except Norman Smith who, before Cripps rose, asked that R.A.F. fighters should shoot down interlopers.

In the crowded House were three conspicuous subjects of attention—Sir William Darling, self-important in his top-hat and looking like a College head-porter on Sunday; Dalton, who had unobtrusively taken his place before prayers; and Cripps' orange-juice, prophetic of the increased beer and spirits tax. The Chancellor opened his speech in his familiarly lucid and categoric manner. Although his economic survey was a rehearsal of a case many times made, it held the general interest. In any case, Members were afraid to leave the Chamber in case they missed the taxes.

Waiting for the taxes is a form of political titillation. The Chancellor exposes the Plan; he analyses the accounts; he suggests a relief, and counterbalances it with a hint of imposition; and when the House at last expects the first items of tax-change, he says, "But before I deal with the main item of tax-changes . . . ," and so on. The rise in beer and tobacco duties made the Labour back-benchers creak. It might have been better if the Chancellor hadn't said that it was necessary for him "to bring to smokers' attention once again the need for economising in tobacco." "The trouble with Cripps," said a moderate smoker, "is that he thinks he's the Nation's Nanny."

From that point onwards, Labour Members found little to complain about, a few things to cheer and some omissions to regret. Nothing in this conventional Budget would make the City's hackles rise; Cripps' orthodoxy, even when he produced curious things like his emasculated capital levy, couldn't possibly be as frightening as the late Chancellor's Socialist *panache*. The biggest cheer of the day was for the revised system of expense allowances. It was difficult for the Tories to demur against the ending of an abuse which had long excited the resentment of workers (to whom it was denied) and the cupidity of business-men to whom it lay wide open.

With the intention of getting rid of superfluous spending pressure, the Chancellor did some ingenious adjustment of the purchase-tax valves. To stimulate production, he helped the workers of all classes with their income tax; and offered a useful bait for the married woman to enter industry. The Budget, designed as a democratic method of distributing fairly the national burden, was the sort of Budget that a rather stern housewife might have worked out; less beer, less cigarettes and less "dogs" for the "old man," an extra theatre or two (uplifting) for the family, less expenses for the sales manager at "Fairview," less income tax, less purchase tax for the home—and "I suppose we'd better keep the cost of living down, even if the undeserving benefit." What about high profits and dividends? Oh, well! someone will look after that some other time.

Churchill made a gracious curtain speech, complimenting the author of the Budget on his presentation, though not on the content of his work. In indicating the Tory objections, he touched lightly on the once-for-all levy but made no reference to food subsidies. After Churchill finished, the House was about to adjourn, as is traditional, when for the second time in the day, Norman Smith took the floor after him, and described the Budget as "fantastic." That seemed to be where most Members had come in, and the House rapidly emptied. "A bad Budget. It will be popular," said a young Tory as we left the House.

Will it?

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE DEATH PENALTY

THERE is to be a free vote of the House of Commons on a new clause to the Criminal Justice Bill, providing for the suspension of the death penalty in cases of murder for a period of five years. The alternative penalty is to be life imprisonment. Every M.P. will in this historic debate stand alone, answerable only to his constituents and his conscience.

Before deciding for or against the death penalty, duty requires the citizen to remember the trinity of interests involved—the community (including killed and killers), the victims, the murderers, *in that order*.

The community demands that its citizens should be defended against the murderer. There is defence in depth—education, social services, good housing, early diagnosis and treatment of mental and emotional disturbances. Not least of the defences in depth is the educative influence of the criminal law, proclaiming certain limits to violence, and a habit of respecting life.

"Cruel punishments," said Romilly, "have an inevitable tendency to produce cruelty in the people." He spoke 130 years ago, when there were 220 capital crimes, and executions were public. Is he out of date? William Temple, who held that the State had the right to take the murderer's life if expediency required it, wrote in 1930: "I believe that the example of the State taking life, even when it does so in return for a life already taken, does more to lower the value of human life in the minds of its citizens than the deterrent influence of the penalty can do to protect the lives of the citizens."

Lord Templewood, as Home Secretary in 1938, was not prepared for abolition. To-day, after watching the Police State at close quarters, he has declared himself against the "two medieval punishments of flogging and hanging."

Capital punishment tends to poison the public mind. It turns a murder trial into a gladiatorial contest. It stirs morbid interest in the crime and the private lives of victim and murderer. Once sentence of death is passed, public sympathy tends to swing over to the murderer. A commonplace ruffian dedicated to judicial death by violence, preceded by a black vigil, and carried out with a furtive ritual, seems to be invested with a significance only death in such a guise can confer. At its most obvious worst it provokes the unbalanced to imitative murder; Rhodes in 1925 and Margeram in 1929 killed without any apparent motive but the morbid attraction of the gallows.

In the little world of prison the pressure of impending doom is heavy. An experienced Chaplain said that "no one can leave the slaughter-shed without a deep sense of humiliation, horror and shame." A Governor "felt quite unclean." A Medical Officer thought: "As for the doctor who must be in attendance it is an outrage on all his professional . . . feelings." The prison staff makes the prisons, and the community can ill-afford to lose the first-class recruits which the death penalty keeps out of the service.

Even less can it afford the risk of irrevocable wrong to an innocent person. It is idle to say that the Home Office has no record of an innocent man hanged. Such mistakes are buried in the prison graveyard. Who could make the Herculean efforts needed to secure an inquiry? What inquiry is possible? Who would work for one when the wrong is irreparable? No system of justice is infallible. When the penalty is not death, the victim of miscarriage of justice may live to vindicate himself—Oscar Slater, Adolf Beck here, and many in Europe and America. This year in Sweden, a man convicted of murder without extenuating circumstances has been released after years in prison protesting his innocence. A re-trial and a fresh verdict exonerated him. In England he would have been hanged and forgotten.

How many innocent people were hanged before Woolmington *v.* the Director of Public Prosecutions in the House of Lords, in 1935, revealed that from 1762 judges had consistently transferred the onus of proof from prosecution to defence when the defence was "accident"? Of course the odds are heavy against a wrongful execution, but, when death is the issue, any avoidable risk, however small, is unforgivable. For this reason the opposite risk—of allowing murderers to go free—is run more often than it would be if murder did not automatically bring a death sentence. In the Criminal Statistics 1924 it is written: "In consequence of the strong proof of guilt necessary for conviction of crimes punishable by death, the proportion of acquittals for murder is higher than for most other crimes, and an acquittal in such a case does not necessarily imply failure to detect the perpetrator." In fact, capital punishment is a boomerang. It works against the true deterrent—certainty of conviction.

Nevertheless there is a natural belief, held with particular strength by H.M. judges for over 150 years, that death is the strongest deterrent and is necessary to save innocent lives from armed burglars and desperate criminals. The murders of Antiquis and P.C. Edgar are quoted. But Edgar was killed when the hanging of the young men who shot Antiquis was fresh in men's minds. These murders were committed in spite of the death penalty. Capital punishment may incite the deliberate, determined ruffian to shoot his way out when cornered and to add the murder of witnesses to that of the first victim.

But supposition is a poor thing. The facts from abolitionist countries of many races and types of civilisation prove that the murder rate is unaffected by abolition: Sweden, Holland, New Zealand with sparse rural population, Belgium with its dense industrial concentration (not to mention a score of others) have one factor in common: *not one has experienced any rise in the murder rate in the years following abolition.* Public opinion in Belgium in 1919 was shaken by an epidemic of cruel murders by burning. Influential voices demanded the death penalty for the murder gangs, but the Cabinet stood firm and refused to revert to the barbarities of sixty years earlier. The murders ceased. Had capital punishment been reintroduced, this would have been acclaimed as its triumph of deterrence in the violent aftermath of war. Can it be that there is in Britons some special brutality united to an exceptionally powerful fear of death which makes us need the gallows? The people of this land have not deserved such insult.

What of the murderer? He is usually young and lusty, rarely over thirty years old. Usually he is a first offender, and, if reprieved, becomes a good citizen. His crime is often one of passion, immediately repented, but in the heat of the moment unaffected by any thought of consequences. He is often unbalanced. From 1939–1945, 442 persons were tried for murder, 82 executed, 56 reprieved and 209 were found insane. Sometimes he appears to be a calculating, pitiless killer, a gunman or a poisoner. He calculates on escape. If he is hanged he suffers terribly for a few weeks. His innocent relatives suffer anguish and shame for a lifetime, seared not by his crime but by his punishment. "Will it do him any good hanging him?" asked Abraham Lincoln in Drinkwater's play. We do not know. What we do know is that it does no good to the victims of murder to potential victims or to the community.

BERLIN: A POLITICAL TOBRUK?

Frankfurt, April 5.

"BERLIN may become a political Tobruk." This remark, by a senior British official, summed up the prevailing feeling of both British and Americans in Frankfurt during the alarms and excursions of the last ten days. Unless we see very clearly where we are going, the battle for Berlin may cost us the battle for Germany.

During the last six months it has become increasingly clear that the present division of responsibility in Western Germany has become totally unworkable. The half-way house between Military Government on the colonial pattern and genuine German self-government has meant that neither the Allies nor the Germans feel much sense of responsibility. Bizonal fusion and a last-minute effort to integrate the British and American staffs at Frankfurt have done nothing to affect this basic weakness. The newly established German Economic Council was admittedly a failure before it started. Its personnel is poor, and it has the confidence neither of the Germans nor of the C.C.G. No one with whom I talked last week-end in Frankfurt doubted that, within the next twelve months, it would be necessary to establish a German Government in the real sense of those words and to cut the present unwieldy Control Commission staff down to a small and compact body of experts, working only at the highest level and within legally defined limits of intervention.

The necessity for this revolutionary change—for it is nothing less than that—is not the Communist menace or Russian aggression but the conditions within Bizonia itself. In the absence of any effectual central authority, with currency valueless and the food situation as bad as ever, the British and American Zones are being steadily seized by economic paralysis. The fiction of quadripartite rule during the last twelve months has meant that, while the Russians have organised their Zone as they thought fit, we have waited month after month for an agreement in Berlin on which to base our own reorganisation. If we wait any longer, it will be impossible to restore German confidence either in ourselves or in the German political parties. It has been drained away by postponements and mutual recriminations between the C.C.G. and the German politicians. There is not much of it left.

Whatever happens in Berlin, therefore, we have got to move quickly in the West. The timing of the successive steps is already fairly clear. First must come currency reform, combined with a capital levy and the abolition of the wage and price stop. It is hoped—but not very confidently—that this will release the considerable hoards of semi-finished and finished goods which at present exist all over Bizonia, and persuade the peasants to deliver the foodstuffs. If all these come on the market at the same time as the £20 millions' worth of consumer goods which the joint Export-Import Board is planning to import, economic conditions should permit the political turn-over to German control.

The first step must be what can best be described as an "Occupation Statute." Up till now the Allies have been governing by right of conquest. Their powers have been unlimited, and such responsibilities as have been devolved on Germans are a matter of grace, not of law. An Occupation Statute, therefore—to be modified in successive stages—would, in fact, be the beginning of a Bill of Rights for the German people. Each side would then know unambiguously where its rights and responsibilities begin and where they leave off. The third stage, which must take place next autumn before winter conditions make electioneering impossible, is the summoning of a Constituent Assembly and the creation out of it of a German Cabinet to which the full transfer of authority can take place. No doubt the Allied Control Commission, even after this, would retain certain essential powers, including defence, foreign policy and finance. But they would operate only at the level of the federal and *Länder* governments, and stop the niggling interferences which drive the German officials frantic. Military Government, in fact, would finally disappear from the scene.

But what sort of German Government would this be? A provisional Government for Western Germany only? No German politician of any party, with whom I discussed the matter in Frankfurt, would be willing to come forward under such conditions. To serve in a Western German Government would be to accept the fact of partition and so to expose what is bound to be a weak and ailing democracy to the attacks of both the neo-Fascists and the Communists, who are bound to increase their strength as Allied authority becomes more remote and Germans are made responsible for dealing with the crisis. If Frankfurt is to be a capital, it must be as a *Reichshauptstadt*, the seat of the democratic government of the whole of Germany, and this fact must be symbolised by the seats left empty for representatives of the "occupied territories in the East." As one S.P.D. leader said to me: "We were beaten by the Nazis, because they 'played theatre' and we despised such tricks. We have learnt our lesson. The important thing is to set up a German government for the whole of Germany in Frankfurt before they do the same thing in Berlin. You got in first at Trieste. For God's sake do it again here."

It looks as though we must reckon that, before very long, there will be two governments in Germany, one Eastern and one Western, both claiming to be the German Government; and that the battle for the soul of Germany will be fought out with the full panoply of political warfare. The Russians will have Berlin as their ace card; ours surely must be full membership for Germany of Western Union. For the issue will be whether Germany in the final settlement will be integrated into Western Europe as a Western democracy or into the Eastern bloc as a "peasants' and workers' republic" on the Slav model.

Unless there is a war, there must in the end be some compromise under which the two rival governments will be merged. But by now such a compromise is possible only after a ding-dong political struggle. We have got to prove in practice that participation in Western Union spreads more butter on more slices of German bread than participation in the Eastern bloc. Once we have established that, the Russians may come to terms.

The Battle for Berlin must be considered against this wider background. Within a few months the separation of the Eastern and the Western Zones will be an accomplished fact. Each will have its own currency, constitution and all-German government; and interzonal trade will become foreign trade between members of rival Blocs. Each will have its own capital—Frankfurt and Berlin. The senior British, American and French officials, who up till now have tried most unsuccessfully to run Western Germany from Berlin, will all be in Frankfurt; and it is to be hoped that most of their staffs will have been sent home. The problem, therefore, is whether we can keep Berlin as a "fifth zone," divided into a Western and an Eastern sector, after it has ceased to be the headquarters of the Four Power Control. Obviously, since the Germans in the Western sector would have to be fed by trains passing through the Russian Zone, this can only be done with the very greatest difficulty. So far, the Russians have only been testing our defences: freight trains have been allowed through. What will happen if they really put on the squeeze? It is in this sense that Berlin to-day is developing into a political Tobruk with all the risks involved in "holding on" too long.

A sudden and enforced withdrawal from Berlin would be a first-class political defeat, particularly since we have committed ourselves so heavily to staying there. Moreover, the Berliners have shown more civic courage than all the rest of the Germans put together. They deserve well of us. But, as one Berlin politician said to me in Frankfurt: "My people only ask one thing of you. Do not make any compromises or concessions for our sake which postpone or modify your plans for Western Germany. It is there that the major battle must be fought and won."

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

EUROPEAN SURVEY

EVEN with the full European Recovery Programme of 17 billion dollars, Western Europe cannot by 1951 succeed in balancing its trade or raising its living standard; efforts to prove that it cannot exist without Marshall aid have obscured the fact that even with such aid it cannot cover its trade deficit. But this fact is now ruthlessly driven home by a report of the Economic Commission for Europe, prepared for its meeting on April 26th and entitled *Survey of Europe's Situation and Prospects*.

From the *Survey* it appears that there are two economic problems in Europe. The Eastern agricultural countries, with low living standards and heavy war devastation, have complete economic plans for the development of industry and recovery of agriculture; their problem is to increase production and push investment in order to raise living standards. With sufficient coal, food and timber, and smaller populations, they have no serious problem of balancing their trade, though they do need to increase it, in order to buy industrial equipment from the West. For the Western European countries, on the other hand, the trade balance is the over-riding problem; and, unless they can deal with it, they will be faced with very heavy reductions in living standards, down to starvation level.

It is to the analysis of the causes of the disequilibrium in the trade balance of Western Europe that the greater part of the E.C.E. *Survey* is devoted. The general European trade deficit for 1947 is estimated to have been $7,500 million, of which the greater part, $6,500 million, is accounted for by the Marshall countries; and 70 per cent of this total arose in trade with the United States. In the view of the E.C.E. *Survey*, as contrasted with that of the Paris Committee, no normal or long-term processes of recovery are likely to operate to close the gap. It was the view of the Paris Committee that the deficit by 1951 might begin to taper off, provided that dollar assistance to the extent of $22,500 million were given, and that exports of grain and timber from Eastern Europe were resumed. But this hope rested on the assumption that import prices in terms of European export prices would fall gradually over the four years; and this view, in the opinion of the E.C.E. experts, is far too optimistic, because there is no likelihood of such a favourable adjustment in the terms of trade. Except as concerns the United Kingdom, the terms of trade have not changed: in the case of the other European countries inflation has driven up export prices high enough to offset the rise in the price of imports, and thus it is useless to expect any adjustment in the balance from a downward movement of import prices.

According to the E.C.E. estimates, therefore, provision of dollar aid to the extent of $22,500 million—a sum which Congress has in fact scaled down—recovery of European agriculture, and resumption of East European grain exports, would be sufficient to restore the relation of commodity exports and imports to the 1938 level; but there would still be an excess of commodity imports formerly balanced by the income from overseas investment and other invisible items, and the deficit would still amount to some $3½ billion, probably more. There would remain the need for still further adjustment in the trade balance to offset the loss of investment income.

The inescapable conclusion is that Europe must either export more, or import less, or make a combination of both, "on a scale far beyond what the Paris Committee envisages." The prospect of cutting down overseas imports, with Western Europe's present economic structure, is not put very high. The most unjustifiable item is liquid fuel: the *Survey* questions whether it is an "economical policy for a continent rich in coal and poor in oil to proceed further with such extensive substitution of one fuel for another, since the coal shortage is likely to be a more temporary phenomenon than the shortage of foreign exchange." The prospect of increasing exports to the U.S.A. is also not rated very high, except for luxuries and light industrial products.

What, then, are the real remedies? Is Western Union one? Clearly, of course, as the *Survey* emphasises, there must be a revival of inter-European trade. But the obstacle to this revival is inflation and lack of planning. Freer convertibility of European currencies is not likely to be a remedy: different degrees of currency softness reflect the different trade deficits, and the report stresses the unlikelihood that the countries with stronger currencies, such as Switzerland and Belgium, would contribute to a pool which might increase their own deficits, if trade remains unplanned. At present there is too much trade in luxuries and non-essentials, such as motor cars, wines and fruit, and many West European countries are in "the irrational position of consuming each other's luxuries." Recovery of industrial production has been achieved mainly by inflation, and by the haphazard redistribution of income and reduction of real wages which accompanies it; and it is this fundamental unsoundness which stands in the way of trade recovery. In present conditions, with different degrees of inflation and currency softness, and different ranges of control, West European Union would simply mean scrambling varyingly bad eggs to make an inedible omelette. Sixteen deficits are not reduced by pooling them.

The clear implication of the E.C.E. *Survey*, therefore, is the need for genuine planning in Western Europe—developing branches of production to replace imports from outside Europe; stopping inflation and luxury production; relating heavy industry expansion to the needs of the industrialising East European countries; and linking export of industrial and agricultural equipment to imports of food, coal and timber which Eastern Europe can export, if its own plans are successful. The collapse of inter-European trade, the report rightly emphasises, is not due primarily to the East-West line-up, but to the collapse of the two main supports of the pre-war system, the German export surplus of manufactured goods, and the liquidity provided by Britain's import surplus. To restore it will need a new trading mechanism, inter-European credits, organised trading in essential commodities. Studies of particular bottlenecks which could be removed by triangular trading have been made by the E.C.E.'s technical committees; one, for example, has shown that $5 million spent on lumbering equipment for East European countries could save Western Europe $70 million spent on imports of timber from North America. Obviously these possibilities are not going to provide a remedy, at this moment, for the Western deficit; only "basic changes" can do that. But the development of inter-European trade, together with planned industrial expansion, can provide the possibility of a long-term balance. Much could be done if the Commission itself had more power behind it.

But is such a policy of European integration compatible with the terms of Marshall aid? The creation of a Western Union may provide the political and military basis which the State Department needs, but from an economic standpoint will it touch the fundamental causes of disequilibrium? The E.R.P. amendment prohibiting exports to Eastern Europe of embargoed commodities may in fact prevent the development of East-West trade which the Paris Committee regarded as an essential factor in recovery. The drastic planning of trade and the changes in economic structure which the E.C.E. considers necessary are the precise opposite of what Congress desires; and, as the *Survey* points out, "the danger exists that if adequate remedial measures are not taken to work out a more tenable balance, the economic structure of both Europe and the U.S.A. may become so adjusted to the disequilibrium as to create strong pressures tending to perpetuate it." Unless we change Western Europe's economic structure, the project for Western Union can only serve as one of the pressures perpetuating the need for further assistance.

DOREEN WARRINER

A LONDON DIARY

Sir Stafford Cripps himself made it clear that his remission of the duty on "unsweetened table water" was not due to his personal tastes. Indeed, who drinks neat soda? But in other parts of his Budget the Chancellor's personality has, I think, been permitted to be revealed. Who else would have remembered, for instance, the need for reducing purchase tax on church organs? I detect also an excellent personal prejudice in favour of live entertainment in the big cities and of all kinds of entertainment in the villages. More opportunity in the villages; more circuses (there is no bread shortage), more encouragement of local talent, more dramatics and less canned entertainment: this shows an understanding of values. As for gambling, Sir Stafford has shown that, however much he disapproves of it, he regards it as a legitimate source of revenue. The licensing of the bookies at the dog races is surely the prelude to the extraction of money next year from the whole industry. The side-shows in Sir Stafford's Budget are as significant as the main Fair where the big money is made.

* * *

I thought Dr. Summerskill's political talk on Saturday night as effective as any in the series of party broadcasts. She dealt, of course, with the least vulnerable parts of Labour policy. The campaign against "controls" falls quite flat in the face of the facts about food distribution, and the comparison of costs of unrationed food after the last war. The fall in infant and maternal mortality since the war is not an accident, and even the drabness of London streets in 1948 may be forgotten if you notice the bounding health of the children who play in them. Her comparison of conditions before Socialism began to affect political life was fair and not unduly sentimental. If I were a doctor I should find it hard to resist her appeal to come into the national health scheme and make a success of it—particularly since Nye Bevan has now disposed of fears about "salaried slavery."

* * *

People are getting over the antideluvian notion that, because the State takes over, the service declines. But they do quite rightly object to unnecessary form filling, and I would have liked Dr. Summerskill to tell us what is being done to reduce the clerical work that now occupies so much of the citizen's and the official's time. It is not only a British or a Socialist disease, but a natural development in every country which is compelled by shortages or by its principles to regulate its economy. We cannot get altogether rid of form-filling, but I think inquiry would show that there is a kind of vested interest in the acquisition of useless information. I notice that the Ministry of Transport was recently asked whether the amount of dollars saved by the present method of petrol rationing is greater than the amount of dollars that could be earned if the officials concerned were employed in a dollar-making occupation. The question was, of course, merely propagandist. But there was a sting in it all the same, as any farmer will tell you when he settles down to an evening's work filling up the obligatory forms. Best example to date, however, is the case of a friend travelling on the Continent whose exit permit was held up because he had no *permis de séjour*.

* * *

Communist propaganda has become merely silly. The notion that the *Goebbels Diaries* are a forgery could not be entertained by any sane person. But I do not suppose that either the Moscow spokesmen or the Communists who echo them here and elsewhere really imagine them to be anything but authentic. The fascination of Goebbels is just that he shoots off his mouth about everyone. The tributes to Stalin and to Russian toughness should have given the Kremlin plenty of matter for intelligent propaganda: if Moscow were not really obsessed with a desire to suggest that neither England nor America had any share in winning the war it would not express surprise that Goebbels, who was responsible for the morale of the Reich, was sometimes perturbed as the cities of Germany one by one crumbled under Allied bombing. One of the many people who will find the diaries not to their liking is Lord Vansittart, whose indiscriminate attacks on all Germans Goebbels repeatedly welcomes with shrill cries of delight. How difficult the British would have made it for us, he says, if they had pursued the line of dividing the Nazis from the German people!

This fellow Vansittart is really worth his weight in gold to our propaganda. After the war a monument ought to be erected to him somewhere in Germany with the inscription, "To the Englishman who rendered the greatest service to the German cause during the war."

However, Dr. Goebbels is no longer with us to subscribe to it.

* * *

The American Press gives us no idea of the size of Henry Wallace's following. A reliable informant tells me that, if Truman runs for the Presidency, there are even a few States where Wallace may run ahead of him. He is now officially on the Californian ballot with 500,000 signatures, and a recent Institute of Public Opinion report calculates that the effect of Wallace's candidature may be that Truman will lose the election even if he gets as many votes as Roosevelt in 1944. Walter Winchell, who has now turned into Red-baiter No. 1 in the United States, took a personal poll of his listeners the other day on the Presidential election. Eisenhower got 36,000, Wallace half that number, and Dewey—now defeated by Stassen in the Wisconsin primary election—half that. Taft and Truman were "also rans," and Winchell himself got 300 votes. All of which suggests that, unfortunately perhaps for us in Europe, the Republicans will in all probability win the election next November. That was probable anyway; Wallace has made it almost certain. But if there is no war before 1952, it is some compensation to think that America will at last have a Third Party to speak for that great mass of the under-privileged whom the Republican and Democratic parties only consider when they want its votes.

* * *

My last week's paragraph about the West African disturbances has produced three comments. The first fully confirms its main point—that Communism has nothing to do with the troubles, which arose from conditions especially amongst demobilised African soldiers. The second was to point out a curious error. I apologise for confusing the visit of Colonel Rees-Williams to Nairobi, where he will be present at the first meeting of the East African Central Assembly, with the Commission of Inquiry to the Gold Coast which consists of Mr. A. Aiken Watson, Mr. Andrew Dalgliesh, and Dr. K. A. H. Murray. The third comment was that the figure of 2,000 people behind barbed wire, first reported in the *Daily Express*, bears no relation to the number of officially admitted arrests. The Minister has now categorically denied this figure in Parliament.

* * *

A friend travelling to Birmingham by the 6.10 on a Saturday arrived at Paddington at about 5.15. He took up his stance at the point where the restaurant car was due to draw up, so that he could make sure of getting a meal. At about six in came the train, and a dining-car steward stepped out waving a bundle of meal tickets. Within a couple of seconds he was surrounded by a jostling mob baying for their food as though they were citizens of a lately beleaguered and starving town greeting the arrival of the first soup kitchen. All pretence of fairness vanished. The weaker were pushed on one side. Those with hand luggage, like my friend, were non-starters in the struggle to reach the steward. Some who knew him increased the bitterness of the others by shouting or waving at him and so having a ticket kept. After a few minutes it was all over, and the steward spent the remainder of the time before the train left explaining to the discontented why they had been unlucky. There was only food for a hundred; no reservations were allowed; but there *was* a party of about thirty (consisting of players, directors, and other essential workers) of the Wolverhampton Wanderers football team, and they had to be fed; the steward had no means of telling who was first on the platform, he was very sorry . . . All this could have been avoided by a simple notice board saying "Queue here for restaurant car tickets." Intending passengers would have dutifully waited; those who were unlucky would have known that it was because they arrived too late.

Critic.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

General Eisenhower, declining to be named for the American Presidency, has agreed to become the first honorary president of the Ayrshire Archaeological and Natural History Society.—*Ayrshire Post.* (W. L. Prentice.)

I wonder how many answer the B.B.C. speaker's hearty "Good morning to you all"? I do. I say, "Good morning to you, and to dear old home, and to my beloved King and Queen."—Letter in *Sunday Chronicle.* (E. L. Taplin.)

A boy who can only express the wonders of nature in symbols is less likely to make a good civil servant than one who can readily express them in English.—Letter in *The Times.* (A. L. Gilbey.)

Councillor J. R. Roberts said he recently remonstrated with a youth whom he found kicking a lavatory basin in council public convenience. The youth replied that he was expressing his opinion of the council.—*Liverpool Daily Post.* (D. Wyn Edwards.)

GRACE BEFORE MARSHALL

The first instalment of Marshall aid to Britain will consist of dried fruit and dehydrated eggs. News item.

Here, a little pinched, we stand,
Holding out our either hand,
Waiting with uplifted plates
Marshall manna from the States;
Here, before the stop-gap meal,
Saying grace with hungry zeal.
For relief which we believe
We are shortly to receive
May the Lord make us truly thankful!

Truly thankful for the boon
Of the California prune,
Thankful to the Middle West
For the hen-fruit from the nest.
Thankfully our prune be stewed
In the juice of gratitude;
For the egg-flow on the way,
For unnumbered omelettes, May
the Lord make us truly thankful!

Largesse from the Argentine
Shows not charity divine,
Gristly groatsworths from Peron
Earn no British benison,
But for goodwill Marshall aid,
Be we truly thankful made!
Cause for thanksgiving devout,
May that which we are about
to receive make us truly thankful!

Grateful when we break our fast
On the bounteous repast,
When we stand on our own legs,
Thanks to intake of dried eggs,
Gravely eggbound though we be,
Eggbound to the last degree,
But beside the eggy board
Be not thankless! May the Lord,
May the Lord make us truly thankful!

Sagittarius

FRIENDS IN URUGUAY

At a moment when cocking a snook at the British Lion is becoming something of a pastime in Latin America, it is a pleasure to contemplate Britain's enduring friendship with the Oriental Republic of Uruguay. The reality of this has been re-emphasised by the speedy and businesslike way in which the negotiations to transfer the British-owned railways to the Republic were recently concluded, in contrast with circumstances elsewhere in the same Continent. Negotiations were cordial and unspectacular; their claims upon space in the world's press were therefore slight.

Uruguay, in fact, almost never hits the headlines. The tiniest republic in South America? This is not the reason. Paraguay, only a little larger, has been in and out of the news for the past decade, thanks to publicity value inherent in the bloody Chaco war with Bolivia and sundry civil disturbances. Guatemala, with its predominantly Indian population (that of Uruguay is almost 100 per cent white), has found its way into the front page. The salvoes from Argentina's propaganda big guns reverberate through the press of continents. Uruguay's comparative immunity from the spotlight is due to the fact that, in a continent much addicted to the sensational, it pursues a course of steady, rational, democratic progress.

With its area of 72,000 square miles on the eastern (whence "Oriental Republic") bank of the River Plate, and its population of some 3.2 million, Uruguay is not excited by visions of political and economic domination, or of territorial expansion. It does not obviously possess characteristics beloved of the professional publicist: the urge to make a song about meat and wool, Uruguay's staple exports, is not nearly so compelling as in respect of the coffee produced by neighbouring Brazil; and, in any case, the Republic's title is anything but euphonious! No. The key to the spirit of Uruguay is to be found rather in the conclaves of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, in the deliberations of which the country's delegate has taken a most lively part, out of all proportion to the size of the Republic.

To the Commission, Professor J. A. Ramirez has made it clear that the official statement of the "human rights and fundamental freedoms founded on the general principles of law recognised by civilised nations" stops short of the goal which Uruguay seeks. His country would wish to see embodied in the Draft Charter an article affirming the "right to life" of all persons—with its corollary of the duty of the State to protect all who are born or conceived, including incurables, and persons physically and mentally incapable. Uruguay would see the death penalty abolished internationally, on the grounds that it cannot be justified "by any philosophical or sociological argument or on any grounds of criminal or ethical policy." This Republic's repugnance for any restrictions upon freedom of expression and dissemination of information is so great that it would prohibit all censorship of opinion, even in time of war or insurrection permitting it to function only in respect of military operations. The sole proviso it would make in regard to free speech is that, all who are attacked, whether States or persons, should have full rights of reply and of rectification.

Cynics may point out that the expression of high principles is becoming more and more the peculiar prerogative of very small States. For Uruguay it must be said that her people make an honest attempt to practice what they preach. The free vote of the population, which a year ago returned to power the liberal Left-of-Centre Colorado party, signified its approval of the programme of social legislation which has been progressively introduced over the past several years; it gave a mandate to President Luis Battle to continue the progressive policy first laid down by his great uncle, President Jose Battle y Ordones, in whose day Uruguay last had a civil war, which resulted in defeat of the forces of reaction.

Victory in this struggle paved the way, at the beginning of the present century, for an era of social legislation which has continued to the present day. Uruguay was one of the first countries anywhere to establish the eight-hour day, minimum wages, holidays with pay. More recently, the Republic introduced a comprehensive programme of protective legislation for rural workers (with minimum standards for wages, housing, food, days of rest, dismissals) which could serve as a model.

When Uruguay calls upon the nations to show respect for the "right to life" by care for the mentally and physically sick, her people can point to their own substantial achievements. This smallest of the republics has recently founded the largest hospital in South America. The Franklin D. Roosevelt School for Crippled Children in Montevideo, though a private institution, is again unique—a symbol of practical compassion. Pupils pay according to their means, and the regime is concerned not only with the treatment of their physical disabilities but also with their education as self-reliant citizens. Uruguay is equally consistent in practising its theories about freedom of expression. The Herrerista (Right-wing Conservative) party is allowed full scope for its propaganda, and the air is free to the various political and religious minorities, of foreign as well as of domestic origin, to proclaim their convictions.

From the broad similarities in outlook between Uruguay and Britain cordial relations naturally follow. The advent of a Labour Government in Britain has increased the degree of similarity. Uruguay has preceded this country in many measures of State planning: to-day the leading industries are already nationalised, as well as the main public utilities, the banks and insurance companies. Traditional ties go much deeper, however, than matters of economic and social planning. The Oriental Republic of Uruguay may be said to owe its existence very largely to Great Britain. Under the Spanish Empire, it was a dependency of Argentina and, when the Empire broke up, Brazil was prepared to dispute with that country possession of the right bank of the Rio Plata. It was British mediation which in 1828 secured the establishment of Uruguay as a buffer State, a decision which has been and may yet be a happy circumstance for the two rivals.

If Uruguay may be said thereby to have incurred a debt, it has been more than paid in the course of two world wars, in which the Republic has made a valuable contribution to the needs of the British people. As a financial debtor turned creditor, Uruguay has shown a fine restraint. Others may talk of "decadence," and take advantage of temporary misfortune to drive a hard bargain. Uruguay does not believe that Britain is down and out, and not long ago paid this country a most graceful compliment by offering to allocate £1 million of the £17 million of sterling balances credited to it, to finance the studies of Uruguayan students, artists, workers and artisans in Britain.

Close commercial links between Britain and Uruguay are certain to persist: the two economies are complementary, and the small degree of industrialisation in the Republic during the war has scarcely altered the balance. Britain needs Uruguay's meat, wool, hides and linseed; nearly one-quarter of all her exports come to the United Kingdom. Britain can send Uruguay machinery, vehicles, chemicals, textiles, and a wide range of other manufactured products. Already it is clear that the limited market for British goods in Uruguay is likely to prove one of the most attractive in South America. The people of the Republic have a relatively high standard of living; their country is financially stable and economically prosperous; the Government has been more than usually successful in holding down inflation; and so far it has shown no disposition to embark on policies of national self-sufficiency.

Relations of genuine amity between Britain and Uruguay may not mean a great deal in political and military terms (Uruguay virtually has no armed forces). But it is easy to underestimate their value. A parallel may be found in the long-enduring links between Britain and Switzerland—a country which Uruguay in many ways resembles, in its equable climate and other attractions for the tourist; its buffer status; its genuine love of freedom. Through many centuries, while Britain has been engaged with other countries in Europe that have disputed the democratic way of life, the sympathy of Switzerland (though at times the expression of it has been an act of real faith) has been a permanent and valued asset. With the advent of similar skirmishes in Latin America, the clear indication that Uruguay will play a similar role is worthy of signal appreciation by the British people.

NORRIS WILLATT

HOUSING ESTATE

(From a Correspondent)

The postponement of work on new towns may yet prove to be a blessing in disguise, provided that the interval is used for the further study of those problems which must inevitably occur when some sixty thousand people begin to live their day-to-day lives together in strange new surroundings. By comprehensive planning for complete community life, new town planners may succeed in eliminating the cause of many of these problems. Their predecessors, the planners of dormitory areas, were unable to plan comprehensively for small units; nevertheless, many of the problems which succeeded their endeavours will recur. If new towns are to become satisfactory centres of community life these problems must be anticipated not only by the planner but by the social scientist, the sociologist and the administrator. Otherwise we may see a repetition of such difficulties as those which arise in "Siddingham"—a name which disguises that of a real, typical housing estate.

When I first saw Siddingham on an early summer's day, with its cheerful pattern of spacious greens and its delightful woodland setting, I could imagine no better way of rehousing large numbers of inadequately accommodated families. Little did I then know how unhappy people may become when subjected to a radical change of environment.

Siddingham comprised some two thousand five hundred houses, occupying an area clearly defined by road boundaries. Without the boundaries stood the homes of the middle-class and of the very rich. The latter were vacated soon after the advent of the newcomers. The boundaries were more than physical. They were social. The families of Siddingham were all more or less of the same income level, which, in normal times, would be considerably lower than the average for their black-coated neighbours.

It was in my capacity as a youth leader that a young man was referred to me. His family had removed there from the East End some nine years before my arrival. I discovered that, apart from the people with whom he was inevitably brought into contact in the course of his employment, he enjoyed no social intercourse whatsoever outside his home. He was accustomed to walking for miles alone, and had never made friends since coming to live on the estate.

I asked a group of boys in their early teens to tell me what they missed most in Siddingham, but which had been apparent in their old homes. The answers ran something like this:

"Everyone knew everyone else in Greenwich."

"People were more friendly there."

After a short silence one boy remarked thoughtfully, "I felt more secure, more sure of myself in Greenwich."

I had many opportunities of talking with older people and similar phrases recurred spontaneously in almost every conversation. Even children with no pre-Siddingham memories provided strong evidence that the anxieties of the parents had been transferred to them in some degree. It was exhibited in the exceptional amount of damage to property and amenities. The feeling of not "belonging," the sense of impermanence and

insecurity was a serious obstacle to the building up of a happy neighbourhood life. I could not avoid the feeling that a psychological crime was being committed against these people, and wondered where the blame might be apportioned.

The planners and builders had done their jobs reasonably well, save for the fact that, due to some oversight, unremedied during the war, no provision for leisure had been made. The number of shops (leased at high rentals by private owners) was quite inadequate for the population and the consequent queuing added to dissatisfaction. No local provision has been made against sickness save for the doctors' surgeries and a Medical Mission. The nearest hospital and maternity home were both several miles away. Through the efforts of a voluntary organisation, ante- and post-natal clinics had been arranged in the unsuitable premises of the Church Hall.

The most pretentious building was the local pub. Not a friendly inn, but a modern type of Gin Palace, it provided the main forum of public opinion outside the almost empty church. Transport facilities were inadequate. I was told by a doctor that eighteen-year-olds were being turned into old men and women through long hours of crowded travel added to their normal employment. Educational facilities, however, were good, although little provision had been made for children unable to take advantage of formal education. The playing fields, even then grossly inadequate, have now been surrounded by bulldozers and tin shanties. In time these difficulties will be overcome. Yet I doubt if real progress will have been made towards causing these people to identify themselves with Siddingham.

There is no dearth of leadership. Gardeners' guilds and similar organisations flourish and bring together people of like interests, although, as a general rule, I found people more likely to unite for the airing of grievances than for any other purpose. The pioneer spirit of these people had never been aroused. Had this been accomplished, then I believe that a happy future might well lie ahead of Siddingham. It was my hope, through the Community Association and through work with young people, that this attitude towards difficulties might have been fostered. I found this not at all difficult to achieve with young people. The adventure of making Siddingham a place to be proud of possessed a very considerable appeal, but it could have only limited results, for not until these young people have children of their own can they successfully apply for a house on the estate.

The planners of Siddingham were incredible optimists. Such optimism in connection with the new towns of to-day must, and, I believe, will be avoided at the outset. Planners must consider that perhaps a thousand years of civilisation have slowly wrought the social life of our towns and villages. Many influences have contributed to their dignity, perhaps to their very simplicity. They were not pre-ordained by the planner, but owe their site to geographical, geological and other factors. Modern science has obviated this necessity, yet human nature remains fundamentally the same. These factors shaped their trade, their crafts, their industry, and their way of life. From these roots grew a type of people. Their local government may have originated in the far past, but it has developed, for good and ill, through the centuries, and been closely associated with local life and deeply attuned to local needs.

It would be folly to assume that new towns can be *built*, with social life dependant upon the immediate contribution of their residents. Yet necessity dictates that something like this must be accomplished. Let us not believe it to be impossible. But one thing is important: the families who go to live in these new towns must be pioneers, as were the Pilgrim Fathers. Only in this spirit of determination can success be hoped for. Only in this way can new towns become real towns when the builder and the architect have laid aside their tools. Even so, there will await the social scientist, the sociologist and the administrator, a vast new field of endeavour of more than absorbing interest, which will provide its rewards in the form of a great new adventure in social living.

WAR AND PAGODAS

THE little town of Nyaungu is like any other riverine town along the Irrawaddy. Here, in a bend of the river like the bend of the Thames between Charing Cross and St. Paul's, British and Indian troops made history on the fourteenth of February, 1945. As dawn broke, the 7th Division landed here under cover of American aircraft and passed through these dusty streets, which to-day are packed with brightly clothed Burmans, buffalo carts, pony traps, and an occasional motor lorry.

Why was this town chosen for the landings which led to the chase of Japanese troops across miles of desert plains? On the map, the dead city of Pagan, ten miles down the river, would have suggested itself to any strategist. But Pagan is a city alive with pagodas; Burma's ancient history is written in Pagan, in pagodas the size of Canterbury Cathedral, in exquisite frescoes, magnificent carvings and stone inscriptions. When the Burma campaign was being planned in 1944, Sir Leonard Woolley, himself a famous archaeologist, had sought advice as to the monuments of Burma which a general, in the execution of his job, could fairly be asked to remember and to spare. He was advised by Professor Gordon Luce, who had spent many years of his life in Burma as a Lecturer in Rangoon University. A unique authority on Burma, he was able to prepare a document which included a map of Pagan and a general outline of the most important of its thousand pagodas. This document saved Burma's outstanding historical monument.

Pagan, once a small Asiatic kingdom covering about fifteen square miles, was the Buddhist capital of Burma from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries. The Burmese invaders who found it in about A.D. 850 used it as an advanced base for their later expansions, but, like many invaders, they conquered the land and then absorbed the art and Buddhism of the conquered people—the Mons. To-day, the history of Burma, from the ninth century until 1284, when Pagan fell before the Mongol armies, is written in this city of pagodas. They stand in a hot windswept plain, where the barrenness of the desert is broken only by jungle, euphorbias and occasional deep ravines.

Most of the pagodas were built by the Royal Family to acquire merit, and their dedications were written in the form of inscriptions generally on large stone slabs like family gravestones. The earlier Mon inscriptions read like Elizabethan poetry. The Burmese inscriptions are more prosaic, but full of historical material. They describe the slaves by name and status; they list the live stock and farm utensils; they define the boundaries and nature of the land, and conclude with conventional blessings on friends and original curses on enemies of the dedication. The Queens usually included a prayer for themselves. I thought it would be difficult to add to the desires of one such prayer written by a bright old Queen at the end of the thirteenth century. "I would be replete," she said, "with golden colour and splendid and triumphant beauty. More especially I would have a long life, freedom from disease, lovely looks, a pleasant voice and a beautiful figure. I would be the loved and honoured darling of every man and spirit . . ."

The Pagan King or Queen, having chosen a site for a pagoda, enclosed it within a brick wall. Palmyra palms and sometimes sacred fig trees were planted in the enclosed area; to-day the visitor, complying with Buddhist custom, approaches the temple barefooted through dusty paths strewn with acacia thorns. (He must also keep an eye open for Russell's vipers, most deadly of all snakes, said to be prolific in Pagan.) Within the wall, the donor built a stupa of solid brick. In early Indian Buddhism these mounds of earth or brick or stone, heaped above his relics, were the chief symbol of the vanished Master. The stupa developed in time into a cylinder, but in Pagan pre-cylindrical and even bulbous forms still persist. Niches for images developed in the base of the stupa, and in some pagodas not one but four Buddhas are enshrined in the centre, facing the four corners of the earth. Where there is only one central Buddha, the core of the pagoda is often a hollow cube, the four walls groining in four pendentives to a point, like the petals of a lotus meeting over his head. Around are corridors, originally plastered and then painted with innumerable floral designs, and with frescoes depicting the lives of the Buddha. And above, majestically beautiful, a succession of receding storeys pile up to the final glory of the spire. A panoramic view of Pagan seen from one of these storeys shows many giant cathedral-like pagodas. There are also many hundreds of pagodas, in varying stages of ruin. In their changing architecture as in the darkened inscriptions on their walls, the history of the Mons and early Burmese can be traced through two centuries.

I was not surprised to hear the story of the young British officer who drove the first tank into Nyaungu in February, 1945. "I was doing History at Oxford," he told my friend, the Member of Parliament for Myingyan North (in which constituency Pagan and Nyaungu are both placed), "and Pagan is one of the places I've often dreamed about. Here I am, within 10 miles, but I must just push off to kill Japas." It so happens that this Burmese M.P. was a History Lecturer, too. He was also in contact with British intelligence officers when the Japanese still occupied the Pagan district in the autumn of 1944. He described the secret visit of a British officer who had with him Professor Gordon Luce's document urging the necessity of preserving Pagan from destruction. Finally this M.P. received the agreed signal. The people of Nyaungu sheltered in the long brick corridors of the pagodas in Pagan. Nyaungu itself was shelled for three days with the low figure of fifteen casualties. Pagan was saved. Japanese troops, concentrated round Mount Popa, which stands like a sentinel guarding the desert plains of Myingyan, were driven back in two directions. The 4th Army forced their retreat to Meiktila and down the road from Mandalay. The 33rd Army Corps pushed them back along Burma's second highway, through the derelict oilfields of Yenangyaung to Rangoon, where the Burmese patriotic forces, led by General Aung San, made their well-timed attack on the city.

To-day, three years after, there are still many signs of those two long marches. Towns that were built of brick have become towns of bamboo. The Burman has no need to import prefab. houses; he can collect bamboo from a nearby field and build a neat, simple home in a few days. If the rains wash it away he can soon build another. In the villages there are few signs of the war. I visited many of them along the road from Rangoon to Mandalay. They were usually surrounded by paddyfields or set in banana groves and clumps of bamboo. It was the end of the rice harvest and everywhere cultivators were busy, with primitive fans, winnowing the paddy into rice. Burmans naturally and gaily make friends, and conversation generally led back to the spring of 1945. They all remember the British and Indian troops. The Fourteenth Army lives in their memories as an Army of friends, considerate to the people whose village routine they were forced to interrupt. The Japanese plundered their fowls and stole their buffaloes and oxen. The British troops, one old lady told me, asked politely and paid promptly. One rice cultivator described the magic of British bombs which knew just where to fall along the side of his paddyfields where the Japanese were entrenched. But with Professor Luce as my guide and companion, I knew that, however it might be with paddyfields, it was not magic, but a care and intelligence rarely found in invading armies, that had preserved the pagodas of Pagan from the ravages of war.

Pagan, Burma. DOROTHY WOODMAN

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

'Coriolanus' and the Old Vic

Coriolanus seems to me the tragedy that suffers most from a good old-fashioned presentation. Politics, however urgent they seem at the time, tend to look very cold on the plate even a few years later. Only if language has invested the living moment with its miraculous cloak, can it live for us afterwards; and in *Coriolanus* this miracle is hardly performed. The tragedy is less personal than political, but the politics are not sufficiently universalised. It takes a courageous use of production, I suggest, to make the play glow. The character of the hero has to emerge quickly from a welter of cinematic scenes of battle and street-brawls; if these are flat and undistinguished, the play never really recovers. There are wonderful chances here, I should have thought, for using all the resources of modern stagecraft. But if there are, Mr. Martin Browne, the producer of the Old Vic's revival, has eschewed them. His is a competent traditional production which leaves the play very much where it is on the page, disjointed, and not entirely convincing.

In one particular the conventional approach seems to me quite disastrous, namely the traditional treatment of the lower orders. Surely it is time that we drastically overhauled our conception of Shakespeare's clowns. Who has not groaned at this stock stage figure, with his imitation Bernard Miles dialect, his ill-fitting bald pate, his ponderous asininity and his utter lack of relation to life? Bad enough to endure him for a few moments at a graveside or in a garden. But in *Coriolanus* he is an essential leading character, a force and a power so strong that he breaks the proud general. Surely it is more than missing a chance to carry over this long outdated cliché into this play at this date: it fatally weakens the whole first part. Yet of this family were the circle of gaping village idiots, the bedraggled band of Zanies, that the producer put up as his crowd in *Coriolanus*. They could have broken no one; they did not exist; they were a seedy set of stock conceptions. This is a political play and could have, on that account alone, a sharp meaning for us to-day who know the power and the danger of the masses. Even theatrical producers may be presumed to have heard of trade unions and should be able to correct the old-fashioned version of the proletariat and its leaders by reference to contemporary politics and political figures. The crowd in *Coriolanus*, like any other crowd, contains its fools, but they are human people, with starving women and children in their homes, and a collective strength sufficient to unseat a potential tyrant. While their leaders may have been self-seekers but were surely not doddering nincompoops as well.

Mr. John Clements who played Coriolanus is an actor I particularly admire. He has many physical advantages, a splendid appearance, graceful and virile movement, and a voice clear and musical if a little limited in range. These gifts he uses with the greatest intelligence and dignity and, when it is needed, passion. But for Coriolanus he fell a little short. He could not by sheer personality (it would be the only way) tower over the defects of the production and the part. The success of the evening was Mr. Alec Guinness. As Menenius he has to suggest the physical appearance of old age, the devotion of a hero worshipper and the cleverness of a compromising Liberal politician. He did all this and much more: he suggested a human person with a full life before, and outside, the events of the play, a mind rich and stocked but cynical and opportunist, a man who has learnt from a wide experience only not to expect too much from life and people. Mr. Guinness has always been a gifted character actor, though I have sometimes felt him to be too self-conscious about his own cleverness. But his Menenius is a most convincing performance and admirably subordinated to the whole design.

For the rest, the standard is what we have come in this frankly disappointing season to expect now of the Old Vic—that of a good average repertory company. No more. Of course it is something to have a London repertory company giving plays that we should not otherwise see; and if a London repertory has the disadvantage of London prices, it has the advantage of being able to draw on star actors for the major roles. But disappointment is proportionate to hope, and the reconstitution of the Old Vic under Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson dazzled us with a promise of something better than this. Doubtless the dazzle of such performances as Olivier's Oedipus or Richard III and Richardson's Peer Gynt blinded us to weaknesses elsewhere. Now the twin stars have apparently withdrawn (except from the programme) and the second-rank lights have not proved bright enough to distract our attention from the plain fact that the Old Vic is just a very moderate stock company which displays all the constitutional weaknesses of repertory anywhere where money is not too plentiful. The disadvantages of repertory are well known: they derive from the fact that the company is commonly vastly overworked (and sadly underpaid).

In this season there have been all the signs of the rush and hurry of repertory work. The parts are sketched rather than played; we are given impressions rather than performances; and above all there has been a lack of a real "conception" behind productions as if no one has had the time to think them out properly in the first place. They have to be got on and they are got on—somehow. The labour of administration and organisation are probably immense and anyone who knew the difficulties under which Mr. John Burrell and his company work would probably sympathise. But that is not the point. The point is that in its first fine flight the new Old Vic was hailed as a glorious fresh start and the reputation it acquired has given it a stamp which its performances no longer justify. It would be sad for our theatrical tradition if provincial repertories, schools and amateurs were to imitate and emulate it, as if it were "standard." If it could retire to its proper place across the river, charging popular prices and being what it used to be, criticism would be less exacting. But so long as it aims at being a national theatre, it is the unpleasant duty of the critic to repeat: This is simply not good enough.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE LENGTH OF MAHLER

THE feelings aroused by Mahler's music, like those once aroused by the man, are seldom lukewarm; listeners and critics who find no difficulty in arriving at a balanced estimate of Strauss or Elgar are apt to discuss Mahler in terms of unqualified adulation or curt dismissal; the half-way house is untenanted. And yet, on sober reflection, surely the unpopular intermediate view is more plausible—that in Mahler we have a composer of original, brilliant and indeed unique powers, whose work suffers from structural weaknesses and sudden startling lapses of taste: above all, a composer who, even in his happiest vein, seldom knows when to stop. Why then do good musicians fail to arrive at a more objective view? Why must it be all or nothing? Partly because Mahler's compositions for long encountered so much neglect and active hostility that his supporters were bound to see themselves as crusaders, their cause as a cult; and partly because of the intensely personal nature of his vision. As recently as 1930, the late H. C. Colles could pronounce in *The Times* that Mahler "never achieved a distinctly personal idiom," a point of view which now seems almost grotesque—for is there in all music a more sharply individual tang? Once succumb to its fascination, and you find yourself loving the music for its very faults; in quiet retrospect you may feel intellectually convinced of ups and downs, good and bad, but only soak yourself again in these extraordinary scores and detachment begins to vanish; cool judgment is swamped by a resurgence of passionate admiration—or else of exasperation.

Exasperation—and perhaps amusement; for nothing is easier than to poke unsympathetic fun at Mahler, so pretentious, so long-winded, so ultra-German. His absolute artistic integrity, alike as composer and interpreter, that fiery intensity of aim which won him the devotion of so many brilliant young disciples, carried on the reverse side of the medal less amiable characteristics: he was touchy, overbearing, censorious, incessantly didactic. His wife adored him, but her biography is full of episodes which reveal a degree of humourless egotism rare even among artists; it is also rich in comedy. Who but Mahler would have read Kant to his wife during the pangs of childbirth? Who else would have been so ashamed of liking *The Merry Widow* that he must resort to a stratagem in order to discover just how the famous waltz "went"? Is there not a sublime blindness in the curt explanation which he offered to Pfitzner in rejecting for the Vienna Opera the latter's *Rose vom Liebesgarten* (later on he changed his mind): "the whole symbolism incomprehensible, too long, far too long." Mahler complaining of length!

In vain do we search the books and articles of such initiates as Bruno Walter and Egon Wellesz for any discussion of the crucial problem of Mahler's own inordinate length; evidently for them it is no problem at all. But for the poor listener, however serious, however intelligent, working his way last winter (thanks to the munificence of the B.B.C.) through the entire series of nine symphonies, the problem was real enough. Most of these works last over an hour, some nearer two hours; single movements (even purely instrumental ones) cover anything up to 30 or 40 minutes—an immense span of time for the scoreless listener to attend, at the full stretch of his faculties, to a homogeneous stretch of unfamiliar music. Instead of plunging us, shivering and unprepared, into these nine oceans of sound, the B.B.C. ought to have allowed us first to paddle; I mean that they should have played, separately and repeatedly, the many picturesque and attractive shorter movements, then the longer ones, and finally entire symphonies. Heresy? No; it was Nikisch's way, to which Mahler himself is said to have given his blessing.

But these merely practical proposals leave untouched the further question: why did Mahler feel the need to spread himself so enormously? Well, we must begin by allowing for the opulent taste of the day, which encouraged expansion for expansion's sake and accounts also for the lavish scoring (lavish, be it observed; *not* lush). Perhaps, too, the tendency to expand was helped by the accident that Mahler was a "summer composer"—a man breathing, after long schedule-bound months in city and opera-house, the divinely free air of the Austrian mountains, a man to whom it would no more occur to compress his ideas than it occurs to the holiday-maker to curtail his day-long rambles. And then we must realise that these symphonies are not really symphonies at all in the older sense of the word, but so many successive chapters (indeed, volumes) of spiritual autobiography. The listener is haunted by the continual sense of a submerged programme, and learns without surprise that Mahler himself considered all music since Beethoven to be really programme music. Like many composers, he was chary about revealing the programme because of the inevitable tendency of commentators and audiences to concentrate on such "explanations" at the expense of the music itself; but he forgot (or didn't care) that the emotional sequence of a long movement which was so clear to his own mind might prove anything but clear to the clueless listener. A. E. Housman once advised his brother, when writing poetry, always to bear in mind "that man of sorrows, the reader"; but I doubt whether, in the process of composition, the introspective Mahler ever gave much thought to the eventual listener; as for regarding him as "a man of sorrows," why that was surely his own role.

Perhaps the most valuable clue to Mahler's expansiveness is contained in the famous anecdote of his meeting with Sibelius at Helsingfors in 1907. The two leading symphonists fell to discussing the symphony; and Sibelius said that he "admired its severity and style and the profound logic that created an inner connection between all the motifs. Mahler's opinion was just the reverse. 'Nein'," he said (and one imagines the didactic forefinger confidently raised), "'Nein, die Symphonie muss sein wie die Welt. Sie muss alles umfassen.' ('No, symphony must be like the world. It must embrace everything.')." There, in the boundless German passion for the absolute, the comprehensive, the "philosophical," the profound, and in the implied disdain

for the virtues of logic, balance and form, lies the answer to our enquiry; perhaps the wonder is that Mahler's symphonies are not longer still. And yet those of Sibelius, despite their strong local accent, seem to open limitless horizons, whereas those of Mahler, the better we know them, focus our attention more and more sharply upon the individual who wrote them, so much so that to the unsympathetic their atmosphere can seem positively claustrophobic. They form the intimate diary of a tortured man of genius; but that the quality *is* genius, and not (as people used thoughtlessly to say) the superlatively brilliant imitative talent of a great *Kapellmeister*, seems to me about as evident as anything in the world of aesthetics can well be. So to the beginner, and even to the exasperated, one should say: "Patience! The rewards are immense!"

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"The Fugitive," at the Leicester Square

Mr. Graham Greene's best novel *The Power and the Glory* (in America *The Labyrinthine Ways*) has become on the screen simply *The Fugitive*. That really tells, from the educated point of view, all that need be said. Don't, if you remember the novel, see the film. Its moral conflict has become melodramatic cliché; here (once more) are unholy persecution and the chase, nothing more. Isn't it, in Catholic pleading (cf., Mauriac's *Thérèse*), a point gained that, the greater the sinner, the greater the repentance and the glory? Perhaps in literature, but not in a film. There everything (morally speaking) has to be shown in black and white; the man of God mustn't even temporarily stray. So the sodden and unwilling testifier of Greene's novel suffers here only from a sort of moral shell-shock. Catholic virtue shines triumphant. Couldn't this pious propaganda be restricted to the crooners with reversed collars and nigger-minstrel hats? No, it seems not. Such, in Hollywood, are the conditions of film-making; and by the same edict the anti-clerical Fascists of this piece are conveniently moved from Mexico to "an adjoining country."

All the complexity, then, and much of the point would seem to have vanished. Yet *The Fugitive*, though an over-simplified product, is neither as idiotic nor as contemptible as the above account may suggest. Far from it, indeed. Borrowing his methods from Mexican films, the director, John Ford, has set out to dazzle the eye with dramatic landscapes and interiors as rich as anything the screen has provided since Carné's *Les Portes de la Nuit*. I don't myself greatly relish this sort of Reinhardt effect with the camera, but I admit its intoxication. If the moral issue has been reduced to simple black-and-white, so also, magnificently, has the photographic black-and-white been raised to a high level of spectacle. It is dramatic. It intoxicates so as to sever one's eye from one's thinking. Its beauty is sometimes vigorous and as often cloying. I don't, as I have said, much care for it; but certainly it did not leave me indifferent.

One grave fault, however—granted this director's scale of values—the film does suffer from. Its hero (Henry Fonda) has been made into a dazed dummy, and its heroine—the beautiful Dolores del Rio—is no better. Their posed looks and formalised actions clash abominably with the realistic villainy of the Indian informer: a superb comic figure who seems to have survived entire from the novel. Effective, too, though tinged by doctrinal wishes, is the furious, handsome, and secretly God-tormented Fascist.

Those who exalt far more than I do the cinematic achievement of this piece will no doubt argue that its simplifications and distortions are a necessary condition of film-making. But are they? Only if you say so. The directors of *Enrico IV*, *Farrebique*, *La Belle et la Bête*, *Mädchen in Uniform*—to name four films current in London—have assumed quite otherwise.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE job of "making complicated, acrimonious issues"—the words are the *B.B.C. Year Book's*—"clearer to the protagonists in the industry concerned" and of "conveying something of the human and psychological truth of the industrial drama to the listening public" is probably the B.B.C.'s most important single function at the present time. If this is so, then *Progress Report*, now in its third month, is the most important regular programme on the air. It began most excitingly. Essentially it was a news programme, made up of reports from B.B.C. observers, interviews with workers and managers and analyses and summaries by experts who are also first-rate broadcasters, like Mr. Graham Hutton and Mr. George Darling; it had, beside the objectivity and balanced presentation of viewpoints which is the *sine qua non* of this kind of feature, pace, urgency and authority; it was a highly professional job, carrying with it an impact similar to that of the *March of Time* films. Perhaps the most memorable of these early programmes in the series was the report on the cotton industry; in that the industry it dealt with is located in a comparatively small, well-defined area the programme had a natural unity; its accuracy as a picture of the cotton industry and its problems to-day could of course be judged only by Lancashire itself, but to the outsider it seemed a most admirable expression of the life—rich, teeming, vulgar, humorous—of an industrial community. Later programmes have not in themselves often fallen much below the standard it set, and yet, with the best will in the world, one finds oneself increasingly unwilling to listen to them. It would be interesting to know the trend of listening figures. *Progress Report*, I am afraid, is becoming a bore. One switches on knowing what to expect, and how rarely now does one get anything beside the expected. It is becoming clear that the framework of the series is too rigid; and one suspects, too, that the key in which the programme is set is wrong. The inescapable analogy is of course with *War Report*, and it is here, it seems to me, that the planners have erred. For "the battle for coal," "the battle for production," "the battle for exports" and so on are metaphorical battles merely; there is no resemblance between them and the battle for Caen, and what drama there may be in the weekly output of worsteds is entirely different in kind from that of war and must be treated differently. It's doubtful if, even in such a peace as exists at present, anyone can respond week after week to the pitch of tension *Progress Report* maintains. If only, one sighs, Mr. Farquharson Small, the producer, would allow Mr. John Slater, the excellent actor who narrates it, to relax for a minute. But Mr. Slater, whatever his theme, is not allowed to relax; he must be tense with impersonal urgency all the time, so that he has become a monitory voice as of a poster-figure, oversimplified and larger than life, defying Crisis with chin in air. *Progress Report*, in other words, has become largely the prisoner of its own technique, as was shown in last week's programme. The theme was management. Management's job, one gentleman charmingly told us, is "to get know-how" (surely an instance of bad scripting for, quite apart from any consideration for the feelings of listeners who may be squeamish about so repellant a coining, the first word the homophone must conjure up for most listeners is "nohow," as in "No, not nohow I won't"). Since the programme was entirely devoted to management there was little chance to use the contrasts of voices and of accents on which this kind of feature partly depends for its life, and it lacked, too, the flashes of purely human interest, the sudden glimpse one has had from time to time of a personal problem arising out of an economic problem, that have arrested one in earlier programmes. It was smooth, neat, dull and dead; one felt its urgency was quite factitious, the outcome of habit; it awoke in one's mind a desire for those "minor gestures of dissent" which comforted Mr. Forster when under the barrage of official propaganda of two wars ago. And the longing for the minor gestures of dissent is precisely what a programme like *Progress Report* must never provoke.

WILLIAM SALTER

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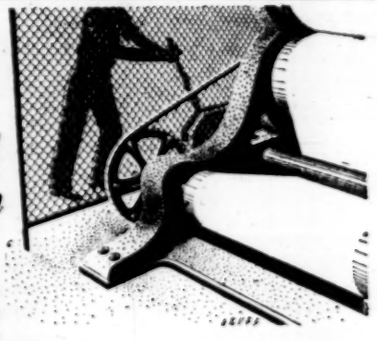

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MUSLIMS AND CHRISTIANS

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin has, in his article on "Muslims and Christians" told why Englishmen like Muslims. May I here point out the reason for the affectionate feelings which a Muslim similarly bears for Englishmen? It is largely because of a precept in the Holy Quran which enjoins Muslims to regard Christians as brothers for they also are "Men of the Book." However much, in Mr. Martin's opinion, the West may have failed to conform to Christian ideals, its civilisation has imbibed the Christian spirit in so far as it has retained its belief in the value of human personality, an ethical principle which Muslims believe to be the essence of their religion.

Another point which I should like to make is about the growth of "Left" tendencies in Pakistan. Although it is in the fitness of things that those who have fought for a homeland for the preservation of their religious values should reject the godless philosophy of Communism, there is no doubt that Muslims in Pakistan, as elsewhere, were attracted by its economic aspect, in that it seemed to offer a solution for their poverty. Fuller development of Communism in Russia has, however, disillusioned them. To-day the Russian regime appears to them an unmitigated form of dictatorship allowing no room for freedom of belief and expression. Muslims, therefore, look towards Britain, where Socialism has sought to better the conditions of the people by means of free institutions. The Communists in Pakistan, even those who until recently avowed their beliefs with great fervour, are now compelled by public opinion to adopt other party shibboleths. Mr. Iftikharuddin, the owner of *Pakistan Times* (not *Times of Pakistan*), when accused of being a Communist in the West Punjab Assembly recently said that he stood for "Islamic Socialism." No other "ism" can work in Pakistan.

Thus it appears that the bond between Muslims and Christians is neither so superficial nor so opportunist as Mr. Martin would have us believe.

Z. A. SULERI

SIR,—"'Pish!' said Eric, now thoroughly roused." I felt very like Canon Farrar's hero when I read, in Mr. Kingsley Martin's otherwise excellent article entitled "Muslims and Christians," his burlesque description of Christianity. It is, he asserts, "like Buddhism, a system of self-culture which tells us to seek spiritual good at the expense of physical satisfaction." I cannot guess whence he has derived this idea, than which none could be more erroneous or more mischievous. He has certainly not found it in any of the three creeds. The Christian faith, so far from being a system of self-culture, is that, at a given and known date, God revealed Himself in Christ, who "for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven." This is a terrific faith, with all sorts of unexpected results in the lives of those who have, through the centuries, accepted it. But it is as far as could be from a system of self-culture. It rests on historic fact; if it did not, Christianity would be the biggest hoax in the experience of mankind.

Craiglands, Sutton, Surrey. J. H. HIGGINSON

HOW MANY BABIES?

SIR,—Professor Joad in his review of Mrs. Hubback's book gives many interesting extracts; I hope they will encourage a large number of his readers to buy it. At the same time, as one would expect, he expresses numerous opinions of his own and makes it obvious that he would like to see a decline in the population of this country.

He supports this view by some queer arguments. For instance, he suggests that "our inflated (sic) population" is the reason why "our lives are made miserable and irritable by the fact that there are always too many of us to be served and too few to serve."

It is difficult to understand quite what this means, or why a general reduction of our population should discriminate between "servers" and "served" and alter the ratio between the two.

Advocates of a smaller population usually overlook such questions as the following:

(1) The conditions that have to be faced during the period of decline.

(2) How we decide when a fall in numbers has gone far enough.

(3) How at that point we reverse engines and step up the birthrate to replacement level.

(4) What is likely to be the position in the world, politically and economically, of a United Kingdom with a smaller population.

I will not trespass on your space to do more than comment on No. (1) of these problems. If our pre-war trends once more become the pattern, we shall in due course have a declining population, but one declining very much more gently and steadily than our de-populationists envisage. Even so, there would under these circumstances, by 1975, be 31 old age pensioners for every 100 National Health Insurance contributors, a most onerous burden on the active workers.

Something wider, however, is at stake than the demographic future of this country and its place in world affairs. It is whether in any community voluntary parenthood and survival are compatible. The Dominions, the U.S.A., the Scandinavians and most birth-control-conscious societies are, like ourselves, facing this same threat to their future population. The Swedes, in particular, after a disastrous fall in their reproduction rate, are making valiant efforts to get back to one that will ensure the numbers of their countrymen are maintained at their present level. Our statesmen surely should be equally courageous and make every effort to reduce the economic and social deterrents to parenthood.

The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham. L. J. CADBURY

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—As I asked before, what is this disease?

It has so affected Mr. Hugh Vowles as to cause him

(a) to attempt to discredit his Socialist opponents by bracketing them with capitalists;

(b) to ignore the fight continually waged against the evils of American and British capitalism by Socialists and progressives;

(c) wholly to overlook his own evidence that in the Western democracies men are at least free to denounce inhumanity, and do so;

(d) to gloss over the difference between crimes committed by capitalist society and crimes committed in the name of Socialism and democracy;

(e) to pretend that Mr. Byrnes is responsible for the prejudices of jurors in a free country; and

(f) either to be unaware of these falsities in his argument or to be deliberately dishonest.

If many of us are rather more angry at what is happening in Eastern Europe, it is not because we reject the urgent need to put our own house in order, but because we feel that loathsome things are being done in the name of our faith and to our political brothers.

Mr. Robertson's points are more valid. He evidently does not believe that a Socialist revolution can be brought about without violence and inhumanity, or that Britain has any power to act independently of America. If this is so, then the outlook for the world is hopeless. To accept his view is to give up the fight. May I remind him that just and determined men have often prevailed against heavier odds, and plead with all Socialists to explore more fully than they have done the technique of mobilizing the immense will to establish justice which lies in the hearts of the British people. Once this will is identified with the Socialist cause, and cannot be exploited by our opponents because of our failings, the battle can be won. TOM SARGANT

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SIR,—Mr. Brenan may make his mind easy. The history of the French Revolution has already been written and re-written from a working-class point of view—from the works of Bax and Kropotkin down to the volume of the French C.P. published in 1939. It needs no re-doing, save so far as a great story is always worth re-telling.

Of course, the Mountain fell in 1794, but not until it had done its job of saving France from invasion and dismemberment, which the Gironde had muffed. The fall of the Mountain has a moral for us, but not the one Mr. Brenan would draw. It fell because it had kept bourgeoisie in being and served the cause of its own destroyers.

Neither the Russians nor the East European popular fronts to-day have made that mistake. There will be no Thermidor this time. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

53 Victoria Road, Oxford.

SIR,—Since he has taken my name in vain, allow me to comment on Tom Sargant's "fudge."

1. It is the growing danger of war and the increasing tension between the Great Powers that are the deadliest enemies of democracy and Western civilisation. For this, the American policy of counter-revolutionary intervention, known as the "cold war," against the Soviet Union and the European working class, is chiefly responsible.

2. Czechoslovakia is the perfect example of the consequences of American intervention: the Prague correspondent of the *New York Herald-Tribune* reported the unanimous view of a group of non-Communist Czechoslovak journalists, ranging from the Social Democrats to the Catholics, that democracy in the Western sense in Czechoslovakia was in danger, not from within but from without, and that, if relations between the Great Powers went on getting worse, Czechoslovakia could not possibly maintain her middle-of-the-road policy. This was just before the crisis.

The Tablet of March 6th pointed out that, when the crisis was precipitated by the resignation of the twelve Liberal and Conservative Ministers, "it was the intention of the twelve, there could be no doubt, to force the resignation of the whole government and to secure the formation of a new coalition without the Communists, as had been done in France and Italy."

Mr. Crossman and Col. Wigg have both testified that the Czechoslovak workers, acting through their trade unions and through the Social Democratic, as well as the Communist Party, preferred their bloodless semi-revolution to accepting the fate of the workers of France and Italy. In those two countries it was American diplomatic and financial intervention that drove the representatives of the French and Italian working class and trades unions out of the coalition governments. The latter, still under American pressure, then moved sharply to the Right and abandoned most of the social measures for which the French and Italian peoples had voted.

To-day the French and Italian working class see the will of the people frustrated and their representatives excluded from any share in power at the bidding of the United States; their real wages have sunk to less than half of pre-war; their wives and children are half-starving, while the rich, including Fascists and collaborators, flaunt in the sunshine of American favours and batten on the vast black market. In addition, there are two million unemployed in Italy. The U.S. is now threatening starvation and violent action if the Socialist-Communist alliance wins the Italian general election. "Czechoslovakia will not be another Greece" was the slogan of the Czechoslovak workers.

Cannot Mr. Sargant and others like him see that it is not a question of democracy *versus* dictatorship? The real issue is between social revolution and capitalist counter-revolution, and it is American intervention on the side of capitalist counter-revolution that is the greatest obstacle to a peaceful transition from capitalism to Socialism in Europe.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

THE I.L.P.

SIR,—"Critic" stated in your issue of April 3rd that "The I.L.P., long a shadow, has ceased to pretend to exist." As this idea has been given undue prominence in the press recently and, knowing your impartiality, I am sure you will allow me to give the facts.

At its 56th Annual Conference (Easter) a resolution was passed by 53 votes to 52 to the effect that in view of the present world crisis the I.L.P. would cease to conduct electoral activities as a party and would become a propagandist and electoral organisation concentrating its activities on Socialist ultimates and, in particular, on the campaign for the United Socialist States of Europe (externally) and the need for Workers' Control (internally) and against the current drift towards the Managerial Revolution.

Now there is nothing here about "ceasing to exist." It is a perfectly realistic resolution which faces up to the facts and which consecrates the Party to the continuance of its principal historic task of voicing the "moral revolt against capitalism and imperialism." We think this revolt is still necessary.

"Critic" further states that "they were always denouncing power politics." Were we, or are we wrong? "Power politics" seems likely to plunge the world into atomic war. Our denunciation is more justified than ever.

His final and somewhat Machiavellian phrase "that the art of politics is the right use of power" would have pleased Hitler and will please other power-mongers. *They* will easily determine what the "right" use is. As an old-fashioned "I.L.P. sentimentalist" I proclaim that the art of politics is the righteous government of a people based on its freely expressed majority will, and I have no doubt that our 150 "dead" branches up and down the country will support me. JOHN MCNAIR

General Secretary
Independent Labour Party

318 Regents Park Road, N.3.

SOVIET ARTISTS

SIR,—In your issue of March 27th Mr. Alan Bush protests against Mr. Raymond Mortimer's statement that the Soviet authorities "stuck at nothing in their eagerness to make these men—i.e., the Soviet composers—tell lies." He adds that, "as the personal friend and admiring colleague" of Shostakovich and Khachaturian, he finds it "distasteful to hear them described as liars." I do not know whether Mr. Bush has read Shostakovich's and Khachaturian's recantations and "confessions" (he can read them, for instance, in *Sovetskoye Iskusstvo* of February 21st), but I think that every musician, every artist and everyone who cares for art should prefer to regard these "confessions" as enforced "lies," rather than as sincere and spontaneous statements. As "lies" they do less to undermine our respect for the poor Soviet composers as composers—they are merely manifestations of a natural human weakness—than if we take them at their face value: then they become really "distasteful."

Simultaneously with your air edition containing Mr. Bush's indignant letter I read an account of Comrade Zhdanov's speech at a conference of Soviet musicians held last January (this account has only now been published in detail). Zhdanov spoke in it of Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Khachaturian as the main representatives of the "bourgeois-formalist" trend in Soviet music. Their formalism, he said, is expressed "in their attempt to disguise by a would-be agreement with the principal ideas of Socialist Realism their own revisionist tendencies"; their music, according to Zhdanov, is "hideous, false, full of idealistic emotions quite alien to the broad masses of the Soviet people." Perhaps Mr. Bush, as a musician and composer, will be so kind as to explain to us, poor mortals, what do "Socialist Realism" and "revisionist tendencies" mean in terms of music.

University of California. GLEB STRUVE

The fable of the man-at-arms

There was once a Soldier home from the wars, with more fame than fortune. 'Fine words butter no parsnips,' observed his allies, 'but virtue brings its own reward . . . moreover, every flow must have an ebb, and charity begins at home. How will you live on your island, now all the fighting's done?'

'By force of arms,' answered the Soldier, as he unbuckled his sword.

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ITALY'S COLONIES

SIR,—Mr. Lionel Fielden states that a letter signed by Mrs. Corbett Ashby and myself in *The Times*, expressing the hope that Italy may never again have her former Colonies, makes splendid anti-British propaganda.

The letter was made very short owing to the restricted space in the newspapers to-day, but it was not intended to suggest that Britain should have these Colonies. Certainly not. It was intended that they should revert to Ethiopia, from which they were annexed by Italy in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

It is true that the French and British Colonies bordering Ethiopia were annexed about the same time, but France and Britain have not since twice used their Colonies as bases for the annexation of the whole of Ethiopia, nor have they attacked from these bases the neighbouring European Colonies as Italy has done.

If some of the English in Africa share the feeling that Italy's African Colonies were better administered than they are to-day, that is regrettable. But one would ask, from what point of view were they better administered? Not, I think, from the point of view of the native inhabitants of those territories. In Somalia the Italians permitted no school at all for the people of the country. The British, though they have not attempted universal compulsory education or secondary education, both of which are established in Ethiopia, have at least started some schools for the people.

In Eritrea, the number of schools to-day is greater than under Italy and they are better schools, though not so good as in Ethiopia.

The people of the two ex-Colonies are not now rigidly barred altogether from skilled trades, as was the case under Italy; but neither I nor Mrs. Corbett Ashby had the least idea of advocating a continuance of British administration. We claim that these territories should be part of Ethiopia and that the people should be freed from their subject position, and all the colour bars which are involved in it.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST

The International Ethiopian Council.

CATHOLICS AND POLITICS

SIR,—Every group, be it religious, political, social or racial, enters the political arena when it is threatened with extermination by a political party. If there were any danger of a revival of Nazism in Germany, nobody would blame the Jews if they gave their support to parties which offered them protection and worked against parties pledged to destroy them. Those who still believe in the basic human freedoms may well rejoice that the Church in Italy is using all her influence against the Communists. If there were no Catholic party in Italy the odds are that democracy would be destroyed as ruthlessly as everywhere east of the iron curtain.

Whereas English Liberals helped to secure Catholic emancipation, Spanish Liberals have always been hostile to the Church. On six occasions Liberal Governments were responsible for partial or complete disendowment of the Church, measures which were never popular with the poor who knew that the money bequeathed for Catholic hospitals and Catholic schools would stick in the pockets of politicians after it had been taken from the Church. Would anybody expect the Jews to be enthusiastic about a party which placed the expropriation of the Jews in the forefront of their programme?

Admittedly the Spanish Church, as I told a Bishop in Spain, has been so keen on keeping Spain Catholic that it has kept England Protestant in the process, beginning with the Inquisition. But when I pleaded in Madrid that Spanish Protestants should not only have the right, which they enjoy, of practising their religion, but also the right to propagate it, I was asked how many English Protestants had pleaded the cause of the Catholics in Spain when they were being murdered by the thousand. Unlike the Communists we have no party line which forbids us to defend the cause of free discussion. If Mr. Binns had wished to be fair to the Church he would not merely have quoted from a Spanish catechism but would have contrasted the tolerance of Catholic Eire, Belgium, Quebec and the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, in which Protestant schools are maintained by the Government on the same terms as Catholic schools, with the very different treatment which Catholic schools receive in most Protestant countries.

The Athenaeum Club. ARNOLD LUNN

FREEDOM IN BRNO

SIR,—We, the undersigned Rectors of all the Colleges in Brno wish to protest against the incorrect accounts of recent events in Czechoslovakia which have appeared in the British press and radio, and which have led to such unfortunate incidents as the resolution of the Oxford Union.

In the first place we deny categorically that any reign of terror exists or has existed in our Universities and Colleges. In Brno, where there are 12,000 College and University students, there have been absolutely no demonstrations or incidents of any kind and not a single College student was arrested. To the charge that the Union of University Students has been suppressed and that its members have been victimised and are therefore suitable subjects for foreign hospitality, we wish to remark that the Union of University Students in Brno has not been suppressed, but that its executive has been enlarged by representatives of students from the working classes.

We desire, however, to reply particularly to the charges that academic and scientific freedom have been interfered with. It is simply untrue that free expression of opinion or the right of criticism have been suppressed; it is untrue that any professor, lecturer or assistant has been dismissed because of his political opinions. In the great majority of Brno Colleges there have been no changes of personnel whatever. As far as such changes have taken place, they have been mainly cases of collaborators during the Second World War, who had been re-appointed by the Ministry of Education without the knowledge of the Senatus, and in the second place cases of a few individuals who were misusing academic freedom to incite the students against the laws and regulations passed by Parliament and the Government.

Every government is entitled to safeguard itself against wanton attack, especially when it is associated with clandestine intrigue, and especially when the attackers are in such a position of influence over young people. It is essential that our students should be allowed to pursue their studies in peace, tranquillity and the co-operative spirit which is so characteristic of our country to-day.

Therefore we, representatives of the arts and sciences and of all shades of political opinion, assure the freedom-loving British people that we firmly stand by our present government, and we emphasize that all action with regard to the Universities and Colleges is taken upon the suggestion of those schools themselves, in the interests of the students, the country, and all humanity.

We extend a very hearty welcome to professors and students of British Universities to visit our country and examine for themselves conditions of study and teaching in our Universities. Such a visit can only lead to greater understanding, and we trust it may be possible to arrange it.

DR. LADISLAV SEIFERT,
Rector, Masaryk University
ING. DR. V. KUBELKA,
Rector, Beneš Technical College
DR. JOSEF PROKŠ,
Rector, Agricultural College
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LONGMANS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE search for historical parallels is a natural pastime in a period as disjointed as our own. A few years back the Napoleonic wars were rummaged for example; we have preened ourselves in the mirrors of the Regency; and, earnestly, we have been directed to the days of the early eighteenth-century planners, to the divided consciences of the Civil War. For some Socialists, the Middle Ages have had an unexpected beauty; for Marxists, the collapse of the Roman Empire; to patriots, the decline of the Greek city States; while to the literary, always looking between the leaves of life, there has noticeably occurred what seems the most unlikely parallel of all: the comparison with the Elizabethan age. Of course, all this is crystal-gazing, astrologising and living on patent medicines. We are sick and try them all; but there is a homeopathic virtue in the delusion and the dose; we build up our resistance while we distract ourselves with comparative judgments and learn that no period is single or immaculate.

A new edition of Thomas Nashe's *The Unfortunate Traveller** takes us directly to the Elizabethan analogy. Mr. Michael Ayrton enthusiastically introduces and illustrates the book and speaks of our common preoccupation with violence and death. Certainly there is a fashion for horror, sadism, scenes of torture and blood at the moment; it pranks out the films, an audience roars with laughter when a comedian pretends to have chopped his hand off and comes out covered in blood; red paint is daubed over the arms and corselet of Macbeth and in the gouged eyes of Oedipus; every night children go to bed stuffed with stories of shootings, stranglings, chokings and moans of pain, and the most popular novels of the last decade were tales of the sexual ecstasies of sadism and flagellation. But this revival of perverse, violent or deadly themes and sights hardly seems yet a deep addiction; I am not at all convinced that it has long roots or indicates a profound moral change; I still hesitate to think of it as anything more than post-war pornography; and while the violence of our public life has become inconceivably disgusting in the last twenty years—Buchenwald, the labour camps, torture—it has not yet been assimilated by imaginative literature of the serious kind. Unlike the Elizabethans, we are growing back into cruelty and horror after two centuries of increasing humanitarianism; *they* were becoming civilised, we are becoming de-civilised. Violence was no novelty to Nashe; it is a novelty to us.

For this reason, we must be wary of Mr. Michael Ayrton's analogy. It can easily lead to the attempt to blow ourselves out by phrases to the size of Elizabethan rhetoric; one recalls the Villonisms of the wounded Henley, the swashbuckling, pot-banging of the suburban Chesterton, who, when he evoked the Middle Ages, left a feeble impression of half-timbering and weather-board. It is noticeable that although Mr. Ayrton is dashingly appreciative of Nashe's originality, language and vitality, his illustrations are not in this key at all. A bold roystering air seems to lead to flaccidity and the loose, empty line in art. I am sorry to have to say this because Nashe has delighted Mr. Ayrton as he must delight all who respond to the virile, the tender and extravagant.

Before we compare ourselves with the Elizabethans, we shall be wise to consider what we can deduce from the life of Nashe and from *The Unfortunate Traveller*. From the first stutterings of his prose we have the impression of a man at once intoxicated and embarrassed by a new tongue, for whom prose is a new language. It shines like fresh paint, without sign of use or intimacy. Nashe is not handling, as we do, words that have been smoothed and weathered for privacy and exactitude, but he uses words as if they were still hot from the palate, sentences that sing drunkenly in the brain. Here is Vanderhulkes's grotesque oration, when Nashe's hero met the doctors of Wittenberg in "their hooded hypocrisie and doctorly accustrements":

> Welcome, sayd I, O orificial rethorike wipe thy everlasting mouth and afford me a more Indian metaphor than that for the brave princely bloud of a Saxon. Oratorie uncaske the bard hutch of thy complements, and with the triumphantest troupe in thy treasurie doe trewage with him. What impotent speech with his eight partes may not specifie this unestimable gift holding his peace, shall as it were (with teares I speak it) do wherby as it may seeme or appeare, to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it maybe a diminutive oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimitie and indignitie. Why should I goe gadding and fisgigging after firking flantado amfibologies, wit is wit, and good will is good will. With all the wit I have, I here according to the premises offer up unto your cities generall good will, which is a gilded Can, in a manner and forme folowing, for you and the heirs of your bodie lawfully begotten, to drink healthes in. The scholastical squitter books clout you up canopies and foot-clothes of verses.

It is the voice of Rabelais—and of Joyce, our only Elizabethan from a country where the Elizabethan tongue has lasted—the voice of the Renaissance. And that leads us to the next clue to the Elizabethans: the passion for learning is mixed with the uproar of social disorder. The streets are unsafe, thieving and affrays abound, the clean inns are the gangsters' clearing houses, life is short, death is sudden; money, position, the fastuous and outward show are everything for these new-minded, new-rich, hard-faced and jewel-eyed people. Around the orgiastic great, the little rogues gather, each one for himself. Never (the historians tell us) was there such a rush to the universities, never was university life so riotous and, one might add, never did a university education less ensure the future of the graduate. Thousands of men of education must have been thrown back into the life of adventure on the lowest level, men trained to utter dog-Latin, write ornamental poetry and to carry in their heads the mellifluous other-world of the Euphues, while they swilled and pissed and starved with the workless and the rabble of the broken social order. *The Unfortunate Traveller*, one of the earliest English novels, came out of this forced crossing of education and low life; it is a raucous foundling in the limbo that lies between one kind of society and the next.

That seems to bring Nashe near to us and if we forget our dominant preoccupation with security and the value of human life, the whole of picaresque literature is close to us. Saintsbury (I quote from Mr. Ayrton) called Nashe one of "the not quite best class of newspapermen, like Thackeray's Bohemians"; but that might apply to all the writers of early picaresque literature before Cervantes civilised its pimpled carnality and Gil Blas dressed it in the anxious and respectable philosophy of self-interest. Literature thrown back into the gutter, gets the gutter's habits as well as its vitality. The rogues are simply the uprooted, the puritans of to-morrow: it is interesting that Nashe's rogue, after escaping exhausted from the bed of the Pope's voracious mistress, goes back to his "sweet courtesan" whom he seduced in a prison under the poeticising eyes of the Earl of Surrey, and arriving in the moral climate of England, makes an honest woman of her. What offended Saintsbury, one suspects, was that Nashe's rogue was a scholar gone to the bad, a Bohemian who might have done better. The rogues of the Spanish picaresque, on the other hand, are men of an altogether lower order; plain unfortunates, deserting soldiers, tricksters, shot-up scullions of the great, corrupt households and lackeys on the make, who go leanly, drily, sharp-eyed and sharp-fingered through life, grey with vice and fear. *Lazarillo de Tormes*, from which *The Unfortunate Traveller* is said to derive, is indeed a more searing and accomplished book than Nashe's, simply because it is not a concoction, but is direct realism, close to its age, an odyssey of chronic hunger. It is true that, in general, Nashe answers to the definition of picaresque literature which, as Merimée says in his *History of Spanish Literature*, is original and piques the curiosity, but is also known by its "unnatural style, intentional deformation and exaggeration of every feature and superficiality in the observation of psychological fact"; but Nashe's "unnatural" style reaches a point of grotesque that in my haphazard reading I never remember meeting. I have quoted his satire; but here is his vitriol for which he was renowned. Zadoch, the Jew, "a diamond Delphincall dry leachour" who has enslaved the hero's courtesan, now hears his goods are to be confiscated:

> There is a toadfish, which taken out of the water, swells more than one would thinke his skin could hold, and bursts in his face that toucheth him. So swelled Zadoch, and was ready to burst out of his skin and shoote his bowels like chaine-shot full at Zacharies face for bringing him such baleful tidings, his eies glared and burnt blew like brimstone and aqua vitae set on fire in an egshell, his verie nose lightned glow-wormes, his teeth crashed and grated together like ioynts of a high building cracking, rocking like a cradle, when as a tempest takes her full but against his broad side. He swore, he curst, and saide, these be they that worship that crucified God of Nazareth, heres the fruits of their new found Gospell, sulphur and gunpowder carry them quick to Gehenna. I would spend my soul willingly; to have that triple headed Pope with all his sin-absolved whores, and oilgreased priests borne with a blacke saint on the devells back in procession to the pit of perdition.

Nashe's hero, Jacke Wilton, is always living at the top of his young lungs. His tricks are rough; his conceit is epical; his occasional moralisings—for when did the English *not* moralise?—always precede an unholy zeal for describing the utmost physical horror into which his victims or oppressors run. He gloats over a rape while he rants about its wickedness, and when a villain of the story is eventually broken on the wheel, Nashe has, so to speak, a return match of moralising—with himself in the winning situation. He has an overpowering sense of the body; overpowering in the sense that the body alone exists, that it is the body (not the mind or the soul) which is brought into history to be knocked about. The violence of the Elizabethans conveys a sense of meaninglessness which is perhaps natural to a young race, for whom values were conventions barely surviving from the dying medieval order. Jacke Wilton is, however, not without subtlety—was subtlety the real substitute for value at that time, as technique is for ourselves?—for, after all, Nashe is a poet. The comedy of his imprisonment with the Earl of Surrey when the magnifico's ill-treated wife is shut in with them has the finer touches of a civilised intrigue. For while the Earl addresses idyllic verses to her and is more interested in his images than in the lady's looks, Wilton exclaims "a holy requiem to their souls that thinke to wooe a woman with riddles," fills her with ideas of revenge, and is in bed while the Earl is still scanning.

The attraction of the picaresque literature is that it is a literature of movement and travel; and thence springs its weariness, too. Nashe was a fast traveller. His picture of Rome in two or three pages is a brilliant example of nonchalant evocation ("I was at Pontius Pilate's house and pist against it"). The paintings and monuments: "Tyll this daie not a Romane . . . will kill a rat, but he will have some registered remembrance of it"). We see this English traveller long-haired among the short-haired Romans, dressed in the English tourist fashion, i.e., with a mixtured of the habits of four or five nations in his dress and all the boys of the city gaping at him. His lucubrations on the sufferings of the English abroad, in the manner of Jacques, have a double amusement: they are a satire, too, on the incurable talkativeness of compatriots who run against each other in foreign countries and stun each other with information. How the luxury catches his uxorious eye; how pleasantly he catalogues the delights of the Roman garden; forgetting their massacres, tortures, poisonings and treacheries with the suddenness of children, the Elizabethans responded to civilised pleasure, as bees come out in the sun.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Unfortunate Traveller*. THOMAS NASHE. With illustrations and an introduction by MICHAEL AYRTON. *John Lehmann*. 15s.

THE MAGICIANS

The Myth of the Magus. By E. M. BUTLER. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

Professor Butler has flung herself boldly at a colossal subject. Not colossal only, but ill-defined, elusive. Indeed, it is a venture like a contest against her own magicians, with their well-known tricks of changing shape or vanishing at the moment when it seems they are to be pinned down.

Starting with the limited intention of placing Faust in the stream of magical tradition, she has been enticed to survey the history of magic as it is revealed in the careers of the most famous magicians. In her brief introductory chapter Professor Butler describes how her study of Faust soon convinced her that all his

> predecessors and successors as well as Faust himself were essentially one and the same person. . . . Founders and teachers of religion; sacrificial saviour gods; rebels and martyrs; sinners and saints; mystery men and occultists; conjurers, charlatans and quacks; they all behaved in a similar manner and their lives went according to the same plan . . . . the facts would seem to show that the legendary magician derives from that dim and distant hero, who, as king, god or priest, died to be reborn in kingship or seasonal rites.

In its fullest form this life plan has ten stock features which can be used to identify such seemingly varied characters as Zoroaster, Solomon, Pythagoras, Christ, Merlin, St. Joan, Faust, Madame Blavatsky and Rasputin. They include a supernatural or mysterious origin and portents at birth, initiation, wanderings, a magical contest often followed by a trial or persecution, and a violent or mysterious death leading to resurrection.

Having thus derived and defined her hero, Professor Butler traces him by means of individual life stories from the Median ancestors or the Three Wise Men to the secret masters of the Theosophists and other occult societies whose members may sit next to us in the Underground any day of the week. Such a series of biographies, though they are fascinating in themselves and written with great distinction, inevitably leaves the book disintegrated. Although the division into periods has made it possible to suggest some general trends—the golden age before Christ, the weakening and "blackening" effect of Christianity's triumph, the rationalizing tendency of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the uprush of emotion that reinstated the tradition through the secret societies—this framework is slender and is not sufficiently strengthened by four or five pages of conclusions.

Are not closer definition and historical analysis necessary? Is there not something so intellectual as to be a little silly in lumping St. Joan with Rasputin and Christ with Helena Blavatsky? Evidently there are links and common elements, yet a more determined analysis would reveal differences between these superhumans which could be of greater interest than their resemblances. Above all, it is unsatisfactory to derive the whole string of magicians from the dying god of seasonal rites. Of the ten items in the magician's life plan only the contest (agon), the violent death (pathos) and resurrection (theophany) belong to the divine king in his simplest seasonal manifestation, while of these the third is often absent from the legends of magicians.

As Professor Butler herself points out, Hocart in his book on kingship shows that the coronation of the king is, in fact, a marriage, whereas "love interest plays no great part in the lives of magicians, who had more urgent things on their minds." It is perhaps unfair to quote the only shoddy sentence in the book, but quite apart from the inadequacy of "love interest" as a synonym for the sacred marriage-coronation, it surely reveals the weakness of the whole identification? While a fertility god and his ritual would seem odd without sex, it is certainly true that the practising magician had other preoccupations. He had to know his stuff. If the dying king represents the sacrificial conception of the origin of the world, this other type of magic assumes that nature has laws that can be controlled by the possessor of superhuman knowledge. It would appear to be particularly relevant to an understanding of Faust to distinguish as sharply as possible the god whose contest was with darkness (winter, infertility), whose death was a sacrifice and whose resurrection was the most essential part of the seasonal rite, from the type of Magus who sought to control nature through the power of knowledge, whose contest was with rival power-seekers and whose death was a retribution. Although, as in the legend of Prometheus, much of his intellectualization is due to the poets, there can be no doubt that Faust is a type figure of the latter sort, and as such should be distinguished from, for example, St. Joan, who approximates to the sacrificial mode.

Such a distinction would have made it easier to discuss problems that have been omitted. It may be true, as the author says, that witchcraft, and with it the whole question of the survival of pagan cults in Christian lands, has not much to do with the Magus myth in its Faust aspect, but it has a very real bearing on the sacrificial one represented by St. Joan. Indeed, Professor Butler does not deny that Dr. Margaret Murray may be right to believe that Joan of Arc's death was brought about by the witches who claimed her as a substitute "for the divine or royal victim of a primitive pagan cult still very prevalent in Europe." Again, a much more thorough consideration of the relationship of both black and white magic to Christianity, and especially to the various conceptions of the devil, would be welcome and not irrelevant.

There remains one question so controversial that its omission is fully justified and yet, perversely, regrettable. The opening of the final section, *The Return of the Magi*, describes how as a result of the emotional sterility inflicted by the Reformation

> . . . the great Catholic rituals ceased to have a universal cathartic effect . . . and unbridled emotion rose in protest. Almost before the conscious need was felt, secret societies arose to fulfil it.

This touches with tantalising lightness on the role of the unconscious in all these manifestations, the extent to which figures of mysterious light and darkness with their recurrent attributes owe something of their persistence to the welling-up of images from the depths of unconscious memory.

This is a distinguished book which, as the preface disarmingly suggests, is provocatively vulnerable. In the two volumes that are still to come it is to be expected that Professor Butler will plunge much deeper into these dangerous regions. Perhaps while she is there she will grapple with the strangely intertwined growths and disentangle each separate stem. JACQUETTA HAWKES

NEW NOVELS

Estuary. JOHN PUDNEY. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.
Wilding Graft. JACK R. CLEMO. *Chatto & Windus.* 9s. 6d.
The Last G.I. Bride Wore Tartan. FRED URQUHART. *Serif Books.* 6s.
Captain Magnificent. FERENC MOLNAR. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Once upon a time a reviewer could, with no markedly unkind intent, have called a novel "old-fashioned." To-day, under similar circumstances, he would make the crushing comment that the writer was insensitive to the mood of the times. But is this crushing? And what is the mood of the times? And why should it be assumed that an apparent allergy to twentieth-century topics is not, in reality, evidence of all too keen a sensibility? Something (as Mr. Gladstone learned, on occasion, from Queen Victoria) can be said by silence.

This is nothing like a complete answer to our imaginary reviewer and is certainly meant as no defence of the ingenuous. We have only to take up a newly published novel that breathes a spirit of innocent optimism to feel just a little outraged. If we are stern we express contempt for it as a piece of grotesque mummery. If we are milder-mannered we expend a little of the same sort of compassion that Brummell deserves for his exile at Calais. There are, of course, monsters among us who think the career of Brummell no bad allegory for the history of the novel. Having gone through its era of splendour as the "Arbiter of Elegance and the Dictator of the Drawing-room" the Novel is now in exile at the Hotel d'Angleterre where it vacillates between a pitiful despair and a no less pitiful illusion of vanished splendours, dressing up in obsolete finery and going through the ritual of receiving quite imaginary guests. The Novel, say the monsters, is finished. This remark was first made (so far as I have been able to discover) in 1770.

All this to prepare the way for John Pudney and Jack R. Clemo. *Estuary* assumes the existence of the twentieth century (there are motor cars, cocktail parties and an enormous factory with pressurised retorts for the manufacture of boot-blacking) but it "cuts" the less pleasant traits of our time with all the firmness of high breeding. Mr. Clemo, on the other hand, sets his novel firmly in 1940, but locates it in remotest Cornwall where he finds sufficient space to gum a number of characters called Seth, Garth, Reub and Irma into a rustic narrative of illegitimate children, insanity and suicide. We rub our eyes, invoke *Cold Comfort Farm* and accuse Mr. Clemo of never having read a novel later than *The Return of the Native.* Yet, in spite of all this, both Mr. Pudney's and Mr. Clemo's novels are alive. They matter to us. Why?

Perhaps as straws to show which way the wind is blowing. The writing of a novel is an act of faith and it is the literary paradox of these years that there are writers who seem to deny this. The paradox cannot continue. There is a contradiction in creation out of despair that leads either to silence or insanity. Yet there can be no facile optimism for the writer, no hasty embracing of Catholicism or Marxism for ulterior motives—motives that will lead to the old hedonistic agnosticism when civilisation picks up once more. The ordinary writer must go to work in a mood of (to use Camus's expression) "difficult hope." One of the interesting things about Mr. Pudney and Mr. Clemo is that they both seem to be alive to the issues involved. In *Estuary*, quite possibly, hope comes with less difficulty and for fewer reasons than one would have liked; and *Wilding Graft* never quite succeeds in establishing that its particular hope is grounded in religious feeling and not sentimentality. But both books are on the side of the angels.

It is possible to extract quite an ordinary story from *Estuary:* of the small-town couple who, in their teens, are attracted towards one another, but later find different spouses. The adolescent feeling lingers, there is jealousy and there is a violent denouement. But this conveys nothing of the book's quality, nothing of its meaning. The theme of the novel is isolation and loneliness—and more especially the loneliness of the artist. Mr. Pudney has called his story "a romance." by which, I believe, he means a love story. Love, as it exists in this novel, is treated as a means of overcoming isolation though Mr. Pudney does not go so far as to say just what price the artist has to pay for love of this kind. At the end of the novel all his best pictures have been destroyed, but the barriers are down and the implication is that he can start again.

This theme is never stressed. Probably I am making too much of it. But it could not, in any case, have been stressed by a literary technique that Mr. Pudney has derived—successfully derived—from Virginia Woolf. It is easier to talk of the book as a picture than as a novel. We can then make use of some word like chiarosuro to explain how much of the detail is sacrificed for all-over effect. Light falls from the right, picking out the hero's brow but leaving the expression on his face a little ambiguous; the moulding of that brow is emphasised by the lithe turning of a woman's body and another woman—his wife—gives warmth to the canvas with her mass of red hair. This preoccupation with effect sometime

leads Mr. Pudney into odd mannerisms of expression—there is an occasional page with a most cloying touch—but the main thing is that he gets his effect. And that justifies him.

In comparison, Mr. Clemo is startlingly unoriginal. His characters are stock-figures from late-Victorian fiction and his literary technique is pure Thomas Hardy. What is more, Mr. Clemo seems to have imbibed much of Hardy's view of the human situation, but there is this one big difference: Mr. Clemo seems to see some way out of the mess. Once we have accepted all this there is much in his novel to reward us.

It is fascinating to see, for example, how Mr. Clemo brings off a sort of inter-penetration of character and background—the china-clay area of Cornwall is very powerfully evoked—which gives the book a disconcerting reality as a whole no matter how much we challenge it over detail. It would be a great pity if this detail—the naming of the characters, the monotonous reiteration of words like "mournful," "gloom," "dreary," and an early description of the burial of a dead cow in river slime—managed to put the reader off. For it is a genuine piece of imaginative writing.

What is more, it is a first novel. There are two questions, therefore, that pose themselves. In the first place, has Mr. Clemo now got Hardy out of his system? And in the second (for the theme of the book is faith triumphing over—well, malice, agnosticism, evil, pain) does Mr. Clemo soberly hold fast to his "difficult hope"? If the answer to both these questions is yes, then he may well do something remarkable.

Fred Urquhart would, I am sure, take it ill were I to make any solemn comment (in the manner of the foregoing) on his new volume of short stories, *The Last G.I. Bride Wore Tartan*. As the recurring subject is the predatory habits of the human female a suitable sub-title might well be: *Towards an Anatomy of Bitchery*. A Scots girl collars a G.I. and marries him as the quickest way of getting to Hollywood, an elderly nymphomaniac tries to seduce a respectable house-decorator, two London ladies down in the country try to play Venus to a rustic Adonis—and so on. This gets rather monotonous. It would be even more monotonous were it not for Mr. Urquhart's unfailing good humour and most professional slickness as a storyteller. The best piece in the book, the title story, is also the longest. It is shrewd and entertaining. But the rest of the collection does little more than win our acquiescence.

Still earnestly looking for that comic novel I found my hopes raised by the jacket of Ferenc Molnar's *Captain Magnificent*. It shows a Hungarian cavalry officer, pre-1914 variety, posing in a most resplendent uniform. He turns out to be a pathological liar who has certainly never been an officer in any army. Better and better. He is clearly related—though very, very distantly—to Don Quixote himself. His real history is rather sad but his imaginary exploits are very diverting. I especially liked his imaginary medieval ancestor, the Baron who tyrannized over the local merchants "because he had premonitions that after six hundred years the descendants of these merchants would be money-lenders and would exploit his insolvent cavalry-officer descendants." But the whole thing amounts to little more than the raw material for an entertaining minor character in a novel that remains to be written.

P. H. NEWBY

PASSAGES FROM INDIA

India Called Them. By LORD BEVERIDGE. *Allen and Unwin.* 18*s.*

Lord Beveridge's parents died in 1929; one was ninety-two, the other eighty-seven. The correspondence and diaries that they left form a wonderfully complete record not only of a vanished aspect of Victorian India, but of two unusual personalities. The story has been reconstructed with a pleasant candour by their son.

Henry Beveridge went out to India in 1857. He was twenty-one, and the first of his year in the newly instituted written examinations which were "Mr. Gladstone's new-fangled device" for breaking down nepotism in the public services. A crab-like advance, some may think, on seeing a typical question:

> Write succinctly and in Latin biographical notices of the following personages, stating the place and date of birth of each: Theramenes, Polybius, Poseidonius, Arcesilaus, Parmenides, Eratosthenes.

During his first leave in England in 1871 he married a girl of seventeen who died a year later in childbirth in their home in the swampy, isolated Barisal district where he was magistrate. Annette Akroyd, whom he married in 1875 after a tempestuous courtship lasting, perhaps, a fortnight, was the daughter of a successful Yorkshire business man with ideas far in advance of his time. She was one of the earliest students of Bedford College, and came out to India fired by the proselytising Keshub Chunder Sen, who visited England in 1870, with the idea of bringing education to Indian women. "The greater part of India," she was to write, "has no girls. It has children and married women." With immense difficulty she founded a small school at Calcutta where she taught until swept, half dismayed, into what proved to be the most successful of marriages. She was then thirty-two.

In his letter proposing marriage Henry Beveridge had described himself as an "unsafe man." He believed that British rule in India should be preparing for its own extinction. "Every European in India," he wrote, "is more or less in a false position." He had not been long in Bengal when he persuaded a reluctant English judge at Barisal that the native population who were refused access to a local pier could hardly be expected to contribute to its repairs. He supported the unpopular Ilbert Bill of 1883, which gave Indian magistrates the right to try Englishmen. In 1884, while his promotion to the High Court was in the balance, he wrote a letter to the *Englishman* protesting against the exclusion of Indians from the Eden Gardens, and noting that the statue of Lord Auckland, which faced the gardens and turned its back on the High Court, bore an inscription commending him for his love of "the justice which is blind to the distinctions of race." Again, at a critical time in his career, he recommended to a Public Services Commission of 1886 the abolition of examinations held in England for native entrance to the Indian Civil Service. He criticised the frequent change of officers, advising that appointments should be given not only to natives of the country but of the district. It is hardly to be wondered at that, after thirty-five years of service, he was still no more than a District and Sessions Judge, a position he had reached eighteen years previously.

And there were further unconventionalities. For all his Presbyterian upbringing (his mother "never abandoned the blessed hope of eternal damnation for unbelievers") he was a free-thinker. Characteristically he would not submit to a church wedding, and was one of the first in India to make use of "Act III of 1872," providing for a civil marriage before a Registrar for persons not professing any recognised religion. (It was often called, thereafter, the Beveridge Act.) The children were not baptised, though their mother, who retained vestiges of her early Unitarianism, liked them to attend church on Sundays. Henry's conviction, however, set out in more than one profoundly reasoned letter, never weakened. "I am glad to hear," a letter runs fifteen years later, "that Letty resists confirmation."

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But apart from the large issues the letters are revealing of the day-to-day problems of life in Victorian India; the difficulties of travelling to and from the remote stations to which Henry was usually directed; the disconcerting animal life: "Reptiles," states the *Official Gazeteer*, "are abundant in the Rangpur district . . . and are the cause of frequent fatalities when the inundations cause them to seek refuge in the higher lands." Annette gives a similar account in letters from Faridpur, which mention also jungle pigs, leeches, a mad jackal and a cobra in the thatch.

> A person who came here by train three days ago told me it was very ugly to see the quantities of snakes which were swimming about in the water with their heads above.

The servant situation may seem to us stranger still. At Bankipur, indeed, they had a staff of thirty-nine—a self-supporting feudal unit. Lord Beveridge meticulously prints a chart of their duties and wages, which come in 1882 to a total of £12 5s. a month. (Henry, however, felt that there was a "non-naturalness" in the master-servant relationship, and took a sympathetic view of misdemeanours.) Sickness, swiftly striking, was a recurring trouble. Medical discoveries, such as the origin of cholera and malaria, were made hardly before the end of the family's life in India. Two of the children were to die; the oldest, Letty, at sixteen, the youngest, Herman, before he was five. There was the inevitable separation for parents in India, either from their children or from each other. To this, though, we owe much invaluable Beveridge correspondence. In these letters, which touch on so many subjects, from sex to mathematics, the children also come to life. Willie, or "Bhaia," the future economist, appears at the age of three as "jolly, but somewhat stolid. . . . Launce's dog Crab for unimpressionability." "Letty may hold her own in an age of negations," writes Henry, "but what will the poor gentle Bhaia do? He will float down the stream and perhaps go over the cataracts unless some kind fairy plucks him aside." "Bhaia," he writes again, "will not be the comet of a season, but he will be a pleasant thought and perhaps a shelter in a weary land." Later we hear of his passion for accuracy, and of his falling in love, at the age of six, with the Lowest Common Multiple. "Oh, that dear little L.C.M.!" he shouts in an ecstasy to his mother.

Henry and Annette, while respecting each other's views, had many points of difference besides those concerned with religion. Her helplessness in the face of vast abuses, the treatment of women particularly, gave her a bitterness towards India which Henry was far from feeling. She opposed the Ilbert Bill on the reasonable grounds that men whose attitude to women was so retrograde were not fit to have jurisdiction over English people. But there are vivid and tender love letters passing between them fifteen and twenty years after their marriage.

On his retirement Henry continued to study and write of India's history and culture, yet he was more than a scholar. His letters suggest a personality of great charm, humorous, passionate, kind; a rock of integrity. His comment on Kingsley is enlightening: "a fine, brave man if ever there was one, but not intellectually strong enough for the nineteenth century." There are moments of poetry — a description, for instance, of the tomb of Warren Hastings' first wife and child, where a dove had nested and laid two eggs. He was as indifferent to convention as he was to the seasons and the weather; in his last station, where he was alone, he kept no carriage and rode to the office on a bicycle. His reasons for burning *Candida* on a bonfire are not given; a pity, for they surely were interesting.

NAOMI LEWIS

HISTORY AND MR. BRAINBALLA.

Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939. First Series, Volume I. 1919. 30s. Second Series, Volume II. 1931. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER. *Stationery Office.*

Mr. Butler is responsible for producing the First Series and Mr. Woodward for producing the Second, and the first volume in the Second Series, dealing with the documents of the year 1930, has already been published and reviewed in these columns. The post bellum, wholesale publication of official documents, implicating in or exonerating Governments from guilt in the making of one peace and the preparation of the next war, is a feature peculiar to the 20th century, and is a particular example of the new science of publicity and propaganda. The mountains of material which are accumulating will be of immense value, and a good deal of embarrassment, to the historian of A.D. 2048, if by that date the material and the historian have survived the atomic bomb and other international missiles. Within the mountains are buried facts of vital relevance and importance for the understanding of history, but to reach them the historian, like the conscientious reviewer, has to do an immense amount of laborious digging. It is, for instance, historically a relevant and important fact that on September 15, 1919, at a meeting of the Heads of Delegations of the Five Great Powers, held in M. Clemenceau's Room at the War Office, Paris, at 10.30 a.m., M. Clemenceau "explained to Marshal Foch that M. Paderewski had made a proposal for the employment of five hundred thousand Poles to march on Moscow at a cost of 30,000,000 Mks. a day," and the recorded reactions of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Foch to this proposal, and their discussion of the proposal with Paderewski himself in the afternoon of the same day, will be of the highest interest to the historian. But in order to reach this fascinating record, he must dig through a mass of useless material; for instance he must read telegrams from the Inter-Allied Mission in Budapest regarding the number of "officiers supplémentaires" required for "l'établissement de postes de contrôle destinés à empêcher l'exportation en Roumanie de marchandise," and he must satisfy himself that at the Meeting of Heads of Delegations on September 4, 1919, Italy was represented by M. Tittoni and M. Paterno, and that there were also present Colonel Castoldi, Comm. Stranieri, Baron Russo, and M. Brainballa, but that "Brainballa" is a mistake for "Brambilla."

I am not criticising the inclusion of M. Brainballa (or Brambilla) in the recorded history of our times; I have no doubt that he deserves the honour and method of the recording. If the archives have to be opened—and it is all to the good that they should be—the Brainballas (or Brambillas) have to be turned out into the historian's lap together with the more important contents of the pigeon holes of the Foreign Office and of history. But it does not make the task of the future historian (or the present reviewer) a gay or easy one.

Subject to these hesitations, it may be confidently said that the editors of the present volumes have done their work remarkably well. Mr. Butler's volume begins after the signature of the peace treaty with Germany and contains the detailed record of the secret meetings of the Supreme Council of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, otherwise called the Heads of Delegations, between July 1, 1919, and October 15, 1919. The scale is shown by the fact that the record of 107 days and 74 Meetings occupies 969 pages. The Heads of Delegations were, in Mr. Balfour's words, "the lawful heirs of the

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Council of Four," and they had the difficult task of dealing with the many problems of peace and reconstruction in the interval between the signature of the Versailles Treaty on June 28, 1919, and January 10, 1920, when it was to come into force. The period falls into two distinct parts, divided by the important visit of Lloyd George to Paris and the Council in September, when he announced the impossibility of maintaining the representation of Great Britain on the Council by Mr. Balfour or by any responsible Minister. The record of the meetings attended by Lloyd George contains the most interesting and revealing documents in the volume.

Mr. Woodward's volume covers the year 1931 and deals with its material in six chapters according to subject. Thus Chapter II is concerned with the German financial crisis and Dr. Brüning's visit to London and covers the period from April 2 to July 7, 1931, while Chapter VI records the negotiations with Italy and France regarding a Naval Agreement between March, 1931 and January, 1932, and is a continuation of Chapter V in the first volume of the Second Series.

LEONARD WOOLF

VEGETABLE LOVE.

Elixirs of Life. By MRS. C. F. LEYEL. *Faber* 16s.

The English have always amazed the rest of the world by the number and vehemence of their animal-lovers, unequalled elsewhere; it sometimes seems as if their vegetable-lovers might be just as powerful a body. Although the Vegetable-lover, in direct opposition to the Animal-lover, usually eats the thing he loves, he is none the less eager to preserve it from oblivion and extol its virtues. He reveals himself unmistakeably in a fanatical and moral note when exchanging a recipe for herbal tea or vegetable stew, or refusing some base medicine of mineral or animal origin; in a burning eye at flower shows; in a vibrant voice discussing composts and soil. In pursuance of such ends the Society of Herbalists is equivalent to the R.S.P.C.A., for the animalarians, and Mrs. Leyel, who is one of the most distinguished of herbalists, is founder of this Society and has written many books expounding her vegetable lore and love. She opens the door of a magic garden in which the Papaw grows beside the Crown-Imperial, the Lily of Kamscatchka by the Ocean, and where every plant is beneficent and ready to perform some miracle for the health or happiness of man. She believes passionately that plants are good (in an almost moral sense) and necessary to our well being, and makes some sweeping statements, such as that "all fruits contain nourishment" and "all herbs . . . provide food." Even if this were true, many of them contain deadly poisons as well.

The present volume is not at all what the title or the remarks on the dust-cover give one to expect—a treatise on herbs supposed to promote long life. Indeed only about half a dozen of the many British and alien plants described even pretend to do such a thing. This is in fact rather a miscellaneous collection, including medicinal herbs of all sorts, aphrodisiacs, and plants which are barely edible. The potato, the sugar-cane, and the banana will be found among more unfamiliar species. In the heap of vegetable matter that Mrs. Leyel has scraped together some items are of interest and others are simply incredible—such as that lucerne while increasing the weight of the skinny reduces it in those who are too fat; that the Chinese herbalist, Chang-li-Yun, died at the age of 256 years after drinking an infusion of pennywort every day of his life; and that Cleopatra carpeted her rooms to a depth of *several feet* with roses. She includes recipes too, some rather precious, for vine-leaf fritters or rose-petal sandwiches for example; and at the other extreme, for "Sanitas brod," a German loaf on which a gentleman from Cardiff claims to have "wandered many a mile" and "felt as fit as the proverbial fiddle." The index, somewhat precious also, is in no less than thirteen languages including Sanskrit and Turkish.

The fact is that in spite of her evident love for it, Mrs. Leyel does not treat the vegetable kingdom with the respect it so eminently deserves.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 8471.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

The Mediterranean. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. *Cape* 10s. 6d.

This book contains few facts or opinions that are unfamiliar, and cannot be classed with the earlier works of its distinguished author. The most interesting chapters are those upon the ports and currents of trade. Professor Siegfried suggests that a reorganisation of French waterways might make Marseilles rival Rotterdam as an entrepôt for trade to central Europe, but the notion is thrown out rather than developed. His account of Mediterranean agriculture, mineral resources and industrial development is adequate rather than stimulating. The translation is faulty. Granada is disguised as "Grenade", Olympus as Olympia; one sentence makes nonsense, apparently because "énervant" has been translated as enervating; and it seems that the proofs have been read by nobody acquainted with the Gospels, since poor M. Siegfried is credited with the belief that the fig-tree was introduced into Europe from Mexico! The plant to which he referred was, no doubt, the prickly pear.

Minor Heresies. By JOHN J. ESPEY. *Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.

Seen through the eyes of an entirely disinterested and detached creature, such as a visitor from another planet, or, in Mr. Espey's case, of a child, the adult world must appear as a strange and distorted Yahoo land. A child, indeed, as he grows up is often a good and impartial critic: he watches, he soon discovers the pretences, the white lies and the laziness of his unsuspecting parents and disillusionment on seeing through the infallibility of the adults around him brings the inevitable judgment and sentence. As a child Mr. Espey saw Heaven and Hell as something like a musical comedy; he treated God like an elder Aunt, cajoled Him in his prayers, set traps, played tricks—these were his "minor heresies." Mr. Espey, who is an American, was brought up and educated on a Missionary station outside Shanghai, which sharpened his sense of the incongruity of life. Here, for the young Espey's was Yahoo land; sin and salvation and the grabbing of souls from the brink of Hell was mixed with Chinese customs: what better material for somebody with a sense of the absurd? Whether he is describing a swearing match he has had with the Lady Bandit, or the life of Chinese children on the canal, or the attempts he and his sister made to convert the heathen cooks, he does so with a sense of wit that is infectious, and a turn of phrase that Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith (whom the author admires) might have envied. The result is an amusing and pertinent book and for parents who think that their children are "taken in" by their mysterious infallibility, it stands as a sardonic warning.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 947

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for the famous last words of any mammal. Entries by April 20.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 944

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The unctuous, intimate, anecdotal manner of the experienced Charity appeal secretary was unmistakable in the wireless feature: The Week's Good Cause. The usual prizes are offered for similar appeals for The Week's Bad Cause in not more than 200 words.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

"I shall not dwell upon the happy homes wrecked by unsuccessful gamblers, but I am more and more convinced that the only way to combat this evil is to refund to those misguided sportsmen whatever money they may lose." So wrote Chauve-Souris and that was the right note. It was not enough to say "Pity the poor spiv, fox hunter, financier, Borstalian, the bone idle, the impecunious drunk, the chronic failure in these competitions, etc., etc. One had spuriously to argue as well. On the whole the least obvious bad causes attracted the best entries. Near winners were J. C. B. Date, T. E. Casson, John Grant, I. Drazin (free fireworks for children: what a charming notion!) Nancy Gunter and Stanley P. Sharpless who is, apparently, a bad cause in himself. Four guineas are to be divided between L.E.J. and Fergie; and R. J. P. Hewison, J. R. Till, Harry Broadbent, have fourteen shillings each.

APPEAL FOR ANTI-PIGEON LEAGUE

If you have ever walked up Threadneedle St., where the Old Lady holds court, you may have noticed a sitting statue of that good man Mr. Peabody, who built the Peabody Buildings. And you will doubtless have been grieved to see dirty white marks on his head. Now let us go West, to Trafalgar Square. Here are Landseer's lions. People smile at Landseer nowadays; but is there anyone living who can carve lions as Landseer carved them? The lions, too, bear dirty white marks; so does the monument to our greatest sailor, except Mr. Churchill. These dirty white marks are, I am sorry to say, the work of pigeons. Now pigeons, apart from their habits, are good to eat. Their destruction would not only cleanse our beautiful London, but afford nourishing off-the-ration meals to hundreds of hungry children. You may ask, could not cloak-rooms be provided for the pigeons? They could, but Professor Huxley's expert advice is that the pigeons would not use them. So if you want to remove these unsightly stains, and fill the hungry kiddies as well, send a donation to the Anti-pigeon League, Crankshaw Gardens.

L. E. J.

THE MODERN EXHIBITIONIST ASSOCIATION

I remember the first time I ever heard the phrase "non-pictorial picture." It was from the lips of Pease-Prose himself, in Paris.

I don't know if you know the feeling, but I just said to myself, "By jove," I said, "that's it. Non-pictorial picture."

In a flash I saw the whole thing. Non-functional function.

I just happened to see it, and that's why—with your help—the Association has been able to go *on* from there. That's why you now see all these new crafts *alongside* non-pictorial pictures; the concrete textiles, brass bedspreads, steel lenses, wax stoves, the wonderful paper furniture, knitted pianos . . .

I know you will continue to play your part. And I think you and I are going to feel rather proud, when our Exhibition—*your* Exhibition—comes round, and you see the works—themselves—of artists who, but for you and me, would have been unknown; names from all over the world—such men as Isobar, Gruyère, Urticarius, Palp, Bolus, Free-Martin, Smorzando, Tic-Douloureux, and Felo de Se.

FERGIE

THE WEEK'S BAD CAUSE

I want you to ask yourselves a simple question: "Why are we on the rocks?" My friends, let me tell you. We are on the rocks because the intellectuals are at the helm. Your neighbours' children read books instead of being trained for the undermanned industries; young men, once happy householders in Bermondsey and Stepney, now live in sin among mural decorations from Moscow; and I know of at least one larder that is empty because Grandma's mind is full of Elizabethan prosody.

But there is a bright side. Last year, thanks to the Society for the Prohibition of Intellectual Values, the libraries of this country reported a satisfactory disappearance of twenty Huxleys, fifteen Forsters, and a brace of Joyces. An entire museum was very nearly burnt out, and the damage would have been even greater if we had been able to afford better gelignite. My wife, poor soul, didn't sleep again till our little spaniel took a flying leap through a couple of Constable's early sketches.

So think it over. Just send your cheques to Lord Sponge, S.P.I.V., W.1. I'm sure you can spare a little to protect your true values.

J. R. TILL

Have you ever imagined living in a desert? Or on an island like Crusoe's? Ever thought how horrible to be alone—in silence? If you haven't switched off—I don't think you have—think about it a moment.

Now consider a picture you lads and lasses from the Forces will recognise. A Nissen, full of uniforms reading, sleeping, playing, scoffing char and wads. What welds it together? Just a little box of tricks, discoursing sweet music—if I may ha! be Third Programme. Yes, the radio! Boon of our civilisation!

My society, for the Prevention of Silence, aims to carry into peace that lesson of the war—to put a loudspeaker in every street. No more empty moments! Music while you walk! Just imagine our towns flooded from end to end with constant streams of healing, soothing sound! And the education value of never missing the News!

After the towns, we tackle the countryside. Mobile vans at first, later a loudspeaker on every village green. So good for morale, should war unfortunately come. This time the evacuees will stay put.

Come, you cannot resist. Cheques and postal orders to Lord Sathanas, Nether-regional Mansions. I repeat . . .

R. J. P. HEWISON

I speak on behalf of the British Medicos Relief Society. How many of us realise the grand work that is being done by this charitable organisation in supporting the declining days of the doctors? These men and women, deprived of their livelihood by the Health Act of 1950, have no other support: very few of them were capable of turning to anything else when the practice of medicine was made illegal. Some, of course, took up the honourable though unremunerative profession of astrology: others picked up a living carving tombstones. But the majority are in want. Now, the object of my society is twofold—to relieve present distress and to work for the return of free medical practice, which will once again make the sick pay for their sickness. Will you bear that in mind when sending your donation, however big? The need is urgent. I saw an old gentleman to-day who told me he had just sold his last scalpel to buy cigarettes. "I can remember the day," he said, "when a few slashes with that knife would have brought me a hundred guineas. Now the limit is a packet of fags!"

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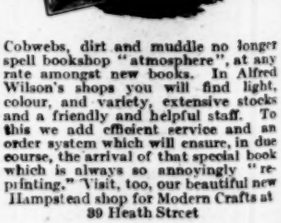

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Employment Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIV. of Wales, University College of N. Wales, Bangor. The Council will shortly appoint a Professor of Mathematics, with effect from Oct. 1, 1948. Sal. £1,450 p.a. plus superann. Applics. should be lodged with Glyn Roberts, Sec. & Registrar, from whom further partics. should be obtained, by April 24, 1948.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. The Faculty of Modern and Medieval Languages intend to appoint a University Lecturer in Italian from Oct. 1, '48. Preference will be given to a candidate with special knowledge in the Medieval and Early Renaissance periods. It is expected that the total emoluments (if the Lecturer is not a Fellow of a College) will be not less than £375 p.a., and small additional payments may be made for extra teaching. Children's allowances. F.S.S.U. superannuation scheme. Applics., with any supporting evidence the candidate may wish to submit, should reach the Sec. of the Appointments Ctee. of Faculty of Modern and Medieval Languages, 35 St. Barnabas Rd. Cambridge, before April 24.

THE Ontario College of Art in Toronto, Canada, invites applics. for position of instructor expd. in practice and teaching of design on the theoretical side and its practical application in industrial and commercial fields, as well as the capability of lecturing and demonstrating. A working knowledge of the properties of materials is necessary and a practical acquaintance with the figurative arts is desirable. Salary $4,000 to $5,600 p.a. for early term of nine months. Please apply in writing giving details of training, exp., associations and a short biographical account to Chairman, Council, Ontario College of Art, TORONTO Coast. Registrar of University College. A new institution is being established in Gold Coast as one of the two autonomous university colleges in West Africa. Applics. invited for post of Registrar. Salary according to qualifics. and exp. between £1,000 p.a. plus £300 p.a. expatriation allowance) and £1,500 p.a. (plus £450 p.a. expatriation allowance). Previous exp. in university admin. important. Applics. (six copies) giving full details of qualifics and names of 3 referees by May 1, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in Colonies, 8 Park St. London, W.1, from whom further information may be obtained.

PETERLEE New Town. The Peterlee Development Corporation invites applics. for appointment to post of General Manager at salary of between £2,000 and £2,250 a year according to qualifics. and exp. Applicants should have exp. of large-scale organisation and administration; exp. of constructional operations is also desirable but not essential. Applics. in writing, stating date of birth and giving full details of qualifics. and exp. (incl. a list in chronological order of appointments held) to be received by Peterlee Development Corporation, c/o Seaham Urban District Council, Seaham, Co. Durham, by April 19.

UNIVERSITY of Liverpool. Applics. invited from men or women graduates for post of Lecturer (Grade II) in Department of Psychology, at a salary scale of £500/£25/£625/£25/£700 p.a. Eight copies of applics., stating age, academic qualifics. and exp., research work and fields of interest in Psychology, accompanied by copies of testimonials and by the names of three refs., should be received by April 24, 1948, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom partics. of the conditions of appointment may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Liverpool. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer (Grade II) in Department of English Literature, at a salary scale of £425/£25/£475 p.a. Post is open to both men and women graduates. Applics., stating age, academic qualifics., and exp., together with two recent testimonials and names of two refs., should be received by April 24, 1948, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom further partics. of the conditions of appointment may be obtained.

THE Civil Service Commissioners announce a vacancy for Assistant Director of Examinations in their Department. Both men and women are eligible. Age 25 on January 1, 1948, but candidates with good qualifics. under 40 on that date will be considered. Qualifics.: Honours in English or Classics, pref. 1st Class. Some knowledge of other subjects, particularly Geography, would be of value. Teaching exp. will be taken into account; examining and/or interviewing exp. will be an advantage. Duties connected with setting examination papers, valuing candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, interview boards, and contact with educational bodies, etc. Salary £400-£1,100 (men)—slightly lower range for women. Applic. form and full details of duty, etc., from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2148. Completed applic. forms to be returned by April 24, 1948.

APPLICS. invited from men and women for post of Trade Union organiser (North of England and London areas). Initiative, good personality and public speaking ability requisite qualifics. Basic sal. up to £400 p.a., plus cost-of-living allowance. Form of applic. on request to Assistant General Secretary, The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Jewry, London St. S.W.1.

ORGANISING Secretary reqd. by Jewish Youth Club in London (250-300 members). Write, stating age, experience in Club work, and salary required. Box 2493.

Appointments Vacant—continued

BERKSHIRE Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for appointment as County Drama Organiser. Salary £625 by £25 to £755 p.a. for men, or £555 by £20 to £620 p.a. for women, inclusive of bonus. Further partics and application form from the Director of Education, Shire Hall, Reading, to be returned to him by April 21, 1948.

CITY of Bradford Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for post of full-time Educational Psychologist, to work in Child Guidance Clinic and to organise tutorial classes for backward children in the Schools. Candidates should possess an Hons. Degree in Psychology and must have had exp. in Child Guidance Work. Comm. salary £585, rising by annual increments of £30 to £810 p.a. Appointment will be subject to Local Government Superann. Act, 1937, and successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examin. Canvassing will disqualify, and an applicant who is related to a member of, or a senior officer of, the Council, must disclose this fact in the application. Applics., giving full details of age, exp., etc., accompanied by not more than three copies of recent testimonials, should reach W. H. Leatham, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bradford, (7185) by April 20.

MOTOR Industry Research Assoc., Great West Rd. Brentford, Middx., has vacancy for Assistant in its Technical Library. Candidates should not be over 25 yrs. of age, and should preferably have attained Registration standard of Library Assoc.; but consideration will be given to suitable applicants of Elementary standard who are following course of further study. Sal. range for qualified assistants is £300-£500 p.a., with superannuation under F.S.S.U. Scheme. Applics. to be made to Director at above address.

Y.W.C.A. has vacancies for Club Leaders in 3 Birmingham Clubs. Mixed membership, all ages. Some exp. desirable. Sal. accordingly. Women under 41 accepted subject to M.O.L. permit. Apply by letter, Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Nat. Offices, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

WANTED, Assistant for Girls' Model Residential Club. Interest in youth and knowl. cookery. Sal. £3 p.w., all found. Box 3077.

WANTED, exp. Senior Master (English subjects), willing to deputise Headmistress, also exp. Junior teacher, pref. Froebel trained. Couple combining these activities most acceptable. Co-ed. Boarding School 80 miles from London. Box 353.

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£6 to £7 p.w. can easily be earned by ladies and gentlemen through selling attractive novelty direct to consumers. Write for details. Box C. 168, Willings, 362 Grays Inn Rd. W.C.1.

A VACANCY occurs in April for a resid. Cook in small modern boarding house. Numbers 20. Aga range. Weekly wage £2 10s. Good holidays with pay. Interest in progr. educ. an adv. Applics., with refs., to Bursar, Dartington Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon.

WANTED for country, near High Wycombe, working cook-housekeeper, fond of farm life. Four in family. Wages £2 5s. Box 3010.

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OXFORD woman grad. (P.P.E.) returning from occupation army, German, French, library exp., tired of office work, loves people, seeks interesting position. Box 3009.

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WORKING Housekeeper, intelligent, trustworthy, wants to take hsehold. resp. from one or two busy people, London. Box 2403.

Personal

SALARY and home offered keen woman, Market Garden, Pedigree Goat Farm, Meopham, Kent. Box 2321.

ACCOM. required expert shorthand-typist, husband, infant son. Correction MSS. undertaken. Box 2322.

YOUNG man having 10 days' leave end April would welcome company of another for walking holiday Lakes/N. Wales. Box 2626.

ENTERPRISING young couple, writers, returning from documentary film commission East Africa July/August, 1948, will urgently require accom. central London for selves and infant son. Minimum 4 rooms, pref. Kens., Chelsea, Brompton. Excel. tenants, highest refs. Write Hyde, Nutfield Rectory, Surrey.

COMPOSER with outstanding complete score seeks witty mod. Librettist. Box 2483.

Personal—continued

ENGLISH lady wd. like help foreigner/Engl. person with subtletics of spoken and written English. No fees, but similar help French/other language appreciated. Box 2329.

URGENTLY reqd. Kensington/Sloane Sq. distr., 2 rooms or more lower floor in gd. house for prof. use by medical woman. Agreeable long-term tenant, good-class practice, patients seen only by appointment. Box 2337.

YOUNG experienced violin teacher requires visiting post within easy reach of London. Box 2243.

BROADS. May 29-June 5. 2 vacancies mixed party, 3 yachts; artists preferred. Inc. cost £8. Box 2939.

SPRING Ski-ing—Riffelberg (8,429 ft.) near Zermatt. A party personally conducted by Capt. M. Franklin, departing May 1, 16 days; price £42 15s. incl. Few vacancies. 33 Gordon Sq. London, W.C.1.

OXFORD School prepared to house Conference of 60-70 adults in August. Apply: Secretary, 74 Banbury Rd. Oxford.

SWISS Holidays. Currency allocation secured! So come and enjoy a really attractive holiday either in a small party of interesting people, or independently. May 1: High Alpine ski-ing; May 14: Spring Flower party, Lake Maggiore; also other parties June-October. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

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